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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }
Volume XII. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXI. }

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

ERSTER SCHULGANG.—(SOUTH ANGONILAND.)

(With apologies to A. T. Q. C. and Mr. William Canton.)

Li ri ku lira lipenga—te, te, te.
The sun looks over the Zomba peaks,
Over the wide, glittering river,
And the grey-green bango-reeds of the marsh,
And the golden-green wide reaches of plain,
Where the silver mists lay curling all night in the hollows.
He has drunk up the mists—he has wakened the folk—
Where the round huts nestle amid the grass,
The blue smoke rising from their thatch;
The earth is awake and astir—
And, far off, on the hill, the *lipenga* is blown—
The hill where the white folk dwell—
For the children to come to school.

Te, te, te, brays the gourd-trumpet,
Where Zuze stands on a rock
Blowing with all his strength—
A little white-robed figure with raised, bare bronze arms,
Like a flute-player of old Egypt—
Time for school—for school,
And afar over the plain
The children are coming.

All round couch the mountains
Like lions slowly awakening,
As the golden sunlight creeps downwards along their flanks—
Nguwi, black, lowering sphinx-like over the plain,
And craggy Lipepete
And forest-clad Bangala,
And Dzonze, where the lions live—a shapeless, rounded mass—
And Mvai's trifid granite peak—
Silent, lonely, awful—a grey pyramid
Rising out of the grim silence of the Bush—
And Chirobwe, far away—
Sapphire-blue, beautiful, with one sharp midmost crag,
Ever finger-like, pointing upward.

Over the plain they come,
Along the narrow paths
Untouched by wheel or hoof—
Trodden smooth by countless bare feet,
Where the fish, passing in the night,
Has left his foot-print.

Shaking the dew in showers
From the tall grass, waving its russet plumes
High over their heads—
The children come.

One by one, along the path
Wrapped in their white cloths, they come,
And from every reed-fenced kraal
Boys and girls come forth—
All go on together—
Fleet-footed, slender, soft-eyed,
With heads like a black lamb's fleece,
And white teeth flashing in smiles—
The children come.

Through the Bush, drenched with dew,
With gossamer ropes of diamonds
Stretching from bough to bough—
The hushed, golden-green Bush,
With its strange scents of hidden flowers,
With its open sunny glades,
Where the zebras graze before the noon grows hot—

Where the thorn-tree is powdered with gold
And the wood-pigeon coos,
And the plantain-bird's mellow call to his mate
Sounds afar from the water-course—
Along the winding woodland paths
The children come.

The rocky path winds up the hill—
Pearly grey tree-trunks shimmer
Through depth on depth of greenness.
Up the hill the children come singing—
"Yesu a dza ku werenga ana ache abwino—"
The voices rise and fall—stop and begin again—

Nearer and nearer—
And, hark, the flute-notes in between,
Shrill and sweet as a warbling bird—
The children are coming!
Mahea, with spear in hand,
And his hunting-dog in a leash—
And Bvalani playing his flute,
Crowned with his palm-leaf coronal
Wreathed with crimson lilies—
And Mbuya, lissom and laughing-eyed,
With the plump brown shoulders and the twinkling feet—

And slender Chisenga, with the little head
And the great fawn eyes, and the soft curls round her forehead—
More and more of them, singing, up the hill
The children come!

Speaker.

A. W.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FORTUNES OF PARIS.

FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Paris has been the heart of France since Louis XI consolidated a kingdom. But the Revolution—the Revolution par excellence—changed all former conditions. Under the old régime the grands seigneurs crowded to the court from the country to rival each other in the race to ruin. But only the men of the bluest blood and the highest pretensions were welcomed to the Louvre or the royal chateaux, although each of the seigneurs had his followers or parasites, whom he sought to advance. Each province had its parliament and its governor, who held the little court which sufficed for local ambitions. There the poorer noble or the well-born hobereau could cut a certain figure, and hope for a place or a sinecure suited to his station. There was a local noblesse of the robe, with a host of hangers-on, and besides the multiplicity of minor official appointments which have always existed in France, there were openings for men of brains and cupidity as intendants to administer the domains of the absentees,—to grind the vassals, to exact the *corvées*, and to take heavy toll for themselves in the shape of commission and *douceurs*. That state of society was swept away by the Revolution. In those times of turmoil and terror, when the democratic caldron boiled over, the hereditary aristocracy disappeared, and the places they had filled were left vacant. Society was shaken to its foundations, and a new world had come up, with the general levelling of classes, where everything was thrown open to talent, energy, self-confidence, and audacity. The map of France was remodelled; the provinces, with their semi-independent satraps, who squandered their revenues in a sort of semi-Oriental state, gave place to departments administered by *préfets*, appointed and directed by a central authority. Then the gravitation towards centralization in the capital became inevitable, and thenceforth Paris has been the happy hunting-ground of adventurers of every kind,

and, as we might add, of every nation.

We are not sketching the recent political history of France. We shall only remark, by way of introducing Captain Bingham's suggestive "Recollections,"¹ that the government has oscillated between democracy and dictatorships since the assembling of the States-General and the collapse of the old régime. The coups d'état of Fructidor and Brumaire had prepared the way for the autocracy of Napoleon. Louis XVIII. accepted the constitutional charter drawn up and submitted by an elected Assembly, and Charles X. was sent into exile for tampering with that essential title of the Restoration. Louis Philippe, who might have done better for himself and his family had he been wise enough to insist on a regency and the rights of the young Duke of Bordeaux, was the "King of the French" and the chosen of the people, who elected to dismiss him in his turn when he outraged democratic susceptibilities. The prince president, when he violated his sacramental oath and terrorized the Boulevards with a butchery, pleading Hugo's *ἀνάγκη* and imperative stress of circumstances, sought absolution in an appeal to the democracy, whom he hoped to master when the reins of government were held firmly in his hands. Again he had recourse to the same expedient of the plebiscite, when his power had been shaken and his popularity endangered by the Mexican fiasco and his mismanagement of foreign affairs. Since that memorable day of September, when the gentlemen of the pavement appropriated power, what we may call the constitutional democracy has had everything its own way, with the exception of the interval of Parisian anarchy under the Commune, which was the most fundamentally democratic development of all.

Paris is the most inviting field for adventurers; and it is perhaps the surer proof of the vitality and sound qualities of a really great nation, that France has not only survived the

¹ Recollections of Paris. By Captain the Hon. D. Bingham. Chapman & Hall, 1896.

calamity of the German war, but made herself more formidable than ever as a military power. Thanks to her vast internal resources, she has continued to prosper and pay her way, though she has reorganized her forces at an enormous expense, and replaced the strong natural frontiers of Alsace and Lorraine with artificial defences which experts pronounce to be well-nigh impregnable. Yet assuredly stability of government has done nothing for her, and "statesmen" rise to the surface with startling rapidity, to disappear like bubbles on the stream. Aspirants are beginning to realize that the path to power may be made somewhat too easy. A jealous rival asks no better luck than to push an embarrassing opponent up to the premiership. The victim must either be precipitated from that sad eminence or take the plunge sooner or later. His single object is to fall with a certain dignity, so that in the universal shattering or discrediting of political reputations, the revolution of the wheel of fortune may give him a second chance. It was thought that ministries had succeeded each other with startling rapidity in the first ten years of Louis Philippe's reign; but with the extension of the suffrage and the democratic apotheosis, the pace has been accelerated with phenomenal velocity. "Ma foi," exclaimed Talleyrand, "il est bien distingué," when he saw an undecorated Englishman at a brilliant court reception where every one was glittering with crosses and stars. And that may be said now of any fairly prominent politician who has not figured and failed as a Cabinet minister.

Mr. Morley discussed the power of the press, not long ago, at a literary gathering in London. Whatever it may be here, in Paris it is distinctly tending to increase, because there is greater stability in the press than in the Parliament. Formerly the sparkling leader-writer who had made himself a name and become an authority almost invariably sought the suffrages of a constituency. If he could speak half as well as he could write—and most

Frenchmen have persuasive facility of speech—he looked to office, crosses of the Legion, and a pension in retreat. Now the man who speaks habitually with the voice of the *Temps* or the *Debats* is far more of a power than the man who may make so brief a stay in the ministry that the office messengers have scarcely time to identify him. See recent caricatures in the *Charivari*, *passim*. Moreover, the leading pressmen not only have the agreeable sense of permanency, but they are as well paid as the ministers and infinitely more independent. The hopes the Parisian press hold out to the ambitious intellects of young France are forcibly illustrated by the present state of things in journalism. We know on sure authority that nothing is more desperately speculative than the venture of some clever young provincial who would take to journalism as a career—or as the entrance to politics. If his contributions have the luck to be accepted in some provincial paper, he is seldom or never paid. If he is poor, he struggles on and perseveres in a garret on the French counterpart of the little oatmeal which is said to have nourished the early Edinburgh reviewers. It is touching and admirable to think of his manfully doing his best work, and keeping the fires of inspiration alive, cheered only by some faint, distant hope. Then perhaps the day comes when, like the Chatteris actors in "Pendennis," he finds he has attracted the notice of an omnipotent manager in the capital. The countryman goes up to Paris, transfers his literary headquarters to the Café Chose, is permitted or invited to sign his articles; and thenceforward, if he can stay as well as go the pace, his future is assured. The successful writer who signs is open to tempting offers, and it is necessary to pay him handsomely to retain his services. Moreover, he has a character to maintain, and though he may be unscrupulous or sophistical, in the main he is consistent. His support is courted, and if he be not actually bought, there are indirect ways in which a minister or promoter can engage the alliance of

an effective pen. If the worst comes to the worst, and his profession palls on him, he knows that he can always try a turn at the government of France.

Now that préfets pass like Cabinet ministers, the minor official appointments no longer offer the former inducements to frugal Frenchmen who love a comfortable and assured income, the ribbon of the Legion, and local reverence. The prizes in successful journalism take many forms, and the leading journals are closely associated with the high finance. In France, as in Germany, many of the journals, like the railways, are financed by great Hebrew capitalists. It is no new thing; and to go no further back than the Second Empire, Captain Bingham gives a striking example of the power of the Rothschilds. Alfred de Musset, who was shy and sensitive, had been persuaded to read a new poem at the Tuileries on the distinct understanding that only the emperor and his consort were to be present. During the reading a gentleman entered, and the poet stopped. It might have been expected that the emperor would have resented the unprecedented intrusion, but the gentleman was Baron Rothschild. As he deprecated the money-lender's hold over an impecunious client, the poet had to be flattered into compliance, and the master of many millions remained to listen. We do not say that the devotees of mammon have become more eager or more unscrupulous since then, for that could hardly be. But the worship of mammon has become more absorbing and exclusive since the plutocracy is become the aristocracy of the democratic republic. Paris lost the show and seductive glitter which gilded the extravagances and corruptions of the Empire. The Elysian fields in the fashionable hours of the afternoon are more like the sombre realms of Pluto, though in fact Plutus is evidently the presiding deity. Vulgar ostentation is the predominating feature, and if one would shine, money one must have. The old restaurants which have disappeared—the Café de Paris, the Trois Frères, and Philippe's—were by no

means cheap, but the others which have replaced them, and are most in vogue for the moment, seem to seek to recommend themselves by extortionate charges. Still more significant is the fact that the foreign ambassadors find the outlay which used to suffice insufficient now. For diplomatic hospitality must satisfy and gratify the guests, and the haute finance, which is not the least important element of the society which is to be conciliated, expects to be entertained as it entertains. There is a lower stratum filled by the people of passage, who flock to the grand hotels or occupy a sumptuous apartment for the season. They have made their piles by pork or petroleum, by stocks or silver in North America; they have swindled the State and the foreign immigrants in Argentina or Mexico; they have enriched themselves by Transvaal gold or by diamonds in the Orange Free State; or they may be simply respectable parvenus who, having more money than they need, have gone over to Paris to have a good time. Their careless expenditure may be beneficial to trade, but it forces up the cost of living to all classes. The result is a choice of alternatives to the many whose modest or precarious incomes are barely sufficient for their wants. Either they carry French frugality to parsimony, pinching and saving, or they are tempted to risk small speculative ventures. If they win, they increase their stakes, for there is no such enticing passion as successful gambling. There are still leviathans who conceive daring schemes and plunge heavily for millions of francs, as in those days of the Empire and imperial concessions and sleeping partnerships with all-powerful ministers, which Zola has depicted in the *Debauche* with exceptionally realistic vigor. But now the class of players has deteriorated, as at the tables of Monte Carlo. Still, as Paris will always be the heart of France, the Bourse is more than ever the soul of Paris. It is the financial journals, or the financial columns in the political papers, which are sought and read with most anxious avidity. Nothing gives more piquancy

to your morning paper than the possibility that some sudden rise or fall may announce either temporary riches or ruin. The spread of dangerously speculative investment is obviously demoralizing to any community, but—though, we confess, we can detect few signs of that—it should conduce to amicable international relations. The man who has an open bull account, or who has placed his savings in Egyptians or in South African mines, cannot desire that his country should quarrel with the English, however much he may dislike us. Nor does he. But neither the careful père de famille nor the hardy speculator can control the irresponsible rhapsodists of the Assembly or the firebrands in the press, who play solely for their own hands, and pander to the blind passions of the populace.

One other set of adventurers we must advert to, who still set their faces towards the capital in spite of hard economical facts and sore discouragement. They are a dangerous legacy of the ostentation and indirect corruption of the Empire, as they were the backbone and partly the origin of the Commune. When Haussmann was carrying out his wholesale demolitions and reconstructions, he employed crowds of workmen at high wages. Distress in the provinces was relieved by the assurance of engagements in Paris. The Empire passed, but the workmen remained to recruit the ranks of the Communists and draw wages for playing at soldiers. The building which gave them employment had increased the room-rents and the cost of living by sweeping away the old rookeries and rabbit-warrens. Labor chômes now, and the monts de piété of the northern quarters do a brisker business at present than the Bourse. Yet a golden tradition is slow to die out, and ill-informed provincials still flock to the fabled El Dorado where the rich veins were exhausted a quarter of a century ago. Nor need we add that there can be no more perilous element than a mass of precariously employed workmen, in possession of the suffrage, who

can menace by their mass meetings and semi-secret societies the demagogues and tribunes who are eager to truckle to them. Had Boulanger had a grain more resolution, had there been a Fleury to force him to set the spark to those explosive materials, the conspirators of the Café de la Madeleine might have succeeded like Kinglake's Brethren of the Elysée.

The chief interest and value of Captain Bingham's volumes are that they throw some novel and instructive light on the course of French history since the prince president, after making his coup d'état, claimed to have re-established the empire on national suffrage. They are desultory and gossip, and we must necessarily treat them in a gossip and desultory fashion. The writer speaks with a certain authority. Married to a Frenchwoman, he mixed much in Parisian society; he acted as correspondent to the original *Pall Mall*, to the *Scotsman*, and other papers; he was always on the search for facts; he had the entrée to the ministries and the salons. He says he kept no diaries; but, like M. Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the *Times*, he has a marvellously exact and tenacious memory. We have checked his volumes, so far as they concern the Empire, with those of Felix Whitehurst, who, when corresponding for the journal "with the greatest circulation in the world," was a favored and petted guest at the Tuilleries, St. Cloud, and Compiègne. We know that Whitehurst would introduce ladies and gentlemen to the emperor without even the ceremony of a previous request; and we have found Whitehurst, who knew more of the court gossip than most men, always in essential accordance with Bingham. Moreover, the writer can vouch personally for the truth of various statements which seem somewhat startling. Captain Bingham's reminiscences of the two sieges—and through both he remained in residence as correspondent, per balloon or otherwise—are especially curious, and his sketches of celebrities or notorieties are shrewd, incisive, entertaining, and

freely illustrated by suggestive anecdote.

The "Recollections" begin in the spring of 1865 with the death of De Morny. The emperor owed a debt of gratitude to the astuteness and determination of his illegitimate brother, and, to do him justice, he was not backward in paying such debts. He gave the embarrassed duke the Mexican question; he mixed himself up in the scandalous affair of the Jecker bonds; and so the shady transactions of the speculative Swiss banker led on to Queretaro, Sedan, and Wilhelmshöhe. As for De Morny, he was the most brilliant and attractive type of the adventurers who were the treacherous props of the Empire. Dissipated and prodigal, he had nevertheless high intellectual qualities, and he exercised a magnetic fascination on individuals. Notoriously a faithless husband, he charmed his wealthy and highborn wife into devoted attachment. He grasped at money like Fouquet, and like Fouquet he lavished it magnificently on graceful hospitality and the generous patronage of genius and the arts. But money he was bound to have, and so the ill-fated Maximilian was sent to Mexico. "He preferred leaving this world as the Regent d'Orleans did. He had to choose between renouncing the pleasures or sins of youth and a sudden catastrophe, and he chose the latter." It gives an idea of his sumptuous style of living, that when he died there were one hundred and forty-five horses in his stables. But that extravagance was one of the weaknesses of the Second as of the First Empire. Adventurers sprung from nothing, or with no family inheritance, received liberal salaries, which they were expected to spend. Lavish as the salaries were, the rivalry of ostentation made them insufficient, and if he lived on his appointments, the husband and father saw no means of providing for his family. To give a man exalted hereditary rank with inadequate income was virtually compelling him to practise Oriental corruption. So the ministers naturally became the sleeping partners of

financiers, coulissiers, and promoters looking out for lucrative concessions. It was certain that every public enterprise was handicapped with exorbitant commissions; it was as certain that no State secret could be kept if money were to be made by selling it.

The French might have looked leniently on such palace scandals as the imperial intrigue with Marguerite Bellanger, of which we have such an amusing account as might make matter for a comedy at the Palais Royal. They had been accustomed to the amorous indiscretions of their greatest monarchs—of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze. They might have tolerated the financial scandals, for they sympathized with and envied the fortunate offenders. But the Empire to maintain itself was bound to be successful, and to flatter the national pride by the glorification of the great nation. When the emperor's star was eclipsed and he lost credit for political sagacity, his constitutional adversaries seized the opportunity, and the Radical agitators began to raise their heads. Even in early days he had been faced in the Assembly by three sarcastic and incisive debaters who had taxed all the suavity and tact of the President De Morny. But Favre, Picard, and Emile Olivier were guarded in their invective, and studiously confined themselves to the limits of correct parliamentary debate. Now there were ugly storm-warnings in the perorations of popular demagogues, who may have been actuated by enthusiasm, the thirst for notoriety, or by far-sighted worldly wisdom. The emperor of Russia honored his parvenu brother with a visit on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1867. Politically it was merely an unfortunate contretemps that the czar should have been shot at in the Champs Elysées. It was more ominously significant that the illustrious guest should have been insulted at the Palais de Justice by a lawyer who had already the ear of the courts. It was coarsely uncivil, to say the least, when M. Floquet, stepping forward, shouted "Vive la Pologne!" with general approval. For it has always been the fate

of unlucky Poland to be the object of the sentimental attachment of subversive France, though nothing but disappointments and baffled hopes have come of relations that have invariably been abruptly broken off when French selfishness demanded the sacrifice of the protégé. Had the Empire been as stable as it appeared to superficial observers. Floquet had finished his career before it was well begun. But in French politics it is the unexpected one may confidently expect, when a man has physical stamina as well as talent and pluck. The exiles of Cayenne or New Caledonia may come home to fill high Cabinet office, and trim the sails of the State in critical emergencies, if they do not actually steer the ship. Floquet, branded by the Imperialists as the blackest of sheep, lived to become president of the Chamber and prime minister. And dear as the Russian Alliance is to France, even Russian statesmen consented to tolerate him in the latter capacity. They knew, to be sure, that it was hardly worth while to object since, though there to-day, he would surely be gone to-morrow.

Meantime Rochefort caused far more anxiety than Floquet. Had his nerve been equal to his intellectual audacity, he might more than once have precipitated a crisis, and notably at the funeral of Victor Noir. Martyrdom, in the shape of fine or imprisonment, he was ready to court, but he shrunk before bullets and the sabres of the gendarmes. He stung like a hornet, he was perpetually renewing his venom, and the hum, like that of the restless mosquito, was ever troubling the tranquillity of the autocrats of the Tuilleries. A typical French wit, the fluency, fire, and fertility that fed the daily *Lanterne* were simply amazing; he had something of the blighting mockery of Voltaire; he had a diabolical instinct for making self-seeking statescraft ludicrous; and more damning than all was the undeniable fact that the Empire supplied unfailing subjects for his satire. Like the hornet or mosquito, he was always ready to search out the exposed points, or to sting an open sore into fes-

tering. He was banished of course, or rather he took flight; but when the pestilential little news-sheet had been proscribed in France, a good stroke of contraband business was being done between Brussels and Paris. Each smuggled copy of the *Lanterne* fetched a fancy price, and passed from hand to hand, to be read with keen expectation. The laughers were with Rochefort. Louis Napoleon was not so cold-blooded a man as is generally supposed, and we fancy he paid Rochefort the compliment of cordially detesting him. He would gladly have dropped him down an oubliette à la Catherine de Medici, or welcomed him to Compiègne and St. Cloud with Mérimée and About. But Rochefort was one of those cross-grained and envenomed assailants who are neither to be petted nor flattered. Assuredly, in spite of common sense and self-interest, he would have stung the hand that sought to caress him. Like Floquet, he survived to play a conspicuous part in French politics, and to be a thorn in the side of Thiers and Gambetta. The elections of May went daily against the government. The great industrial and commercial cities cast in their lots with democratic Paris. The Empire, in dire distress, had declared for Liberal institutions; but the conversion was too sudden to seem sincere. Emile Olivier, who was already understood to be transacting with the system he had bitterly denounced, was hooted down by a crowded audience when he sought to obtain a hearing. Among the notable members then returned to the Assembly was M. Jules Grévy. In connection with him, Captain Bingham gives another striking example of the irony of circumstances, and the instability of French political convictions. The moral is that a wise man should never commit himself, however strongly he may feel at the moment. Opposing Louis Napoleon for president, Grévy had insisted with forcible arguments that there should be no such office. He preferred the form of government by committees. And yet!—before he became officially the first man in France, Captain Bing-

ham used to meet him at the Café de la Régence, whither he went every day to indulge in his favorite game of chess. Sometimes Bingham had the honor of being his antagonist. "He was unlike most of his countrymen. He had no French exuberance, and always maintained a dignity of manner, which was an effectual bar to familiarity. However, he was exceedingly amiable, and often furnished me with information on historical and other topics, for he was well-read, a good classical scholar, and a special admirer of Horace."

Meantime it had become the policy of the Empire to outbid the Liberal agitators and demagogues in the contest for popularity. It had the power of the purse. Its assailants could promise but it could perform. Like its prototypes of imperial Rome, it was generous of panem et circenses. The overcrowded population of Paris was kept in tolerable good humor by abundant work and excellent wages. The demolitions and reconstructions that were supposed to make future émeutes impossible gratified the popular vanity, though they raised the price of lodgings and removed the workmen far from their work. It is an amiable feature of the French democracy that, so long as their own circumstances are easy, they enjoy vicariously the extravagant gaieties of the rulers. The train of carriages driving to the balls and receptions, with the decorated uniforms of the men and the toilets and diamonds of the ladies, give them the cheap pleasures of free public spectacles. It is only when famine-stricken as in the first Revolution, or when irritated by such humiliating defeats as those inflicted by the Germans, that the many-headed monster revolts, and raises the cry of "The Aristocrats to the lantern!" These public entertainments were on the most sumptuous scale, and invitations were issued with democratic indiscriminateness. Felix Whitehurst, whose métier it was to report the doings of the best society for the bourgeois readers of the *Daily Telegraph*, gives a vivid and picturesque account of them. He paints the scene towards midnight in the Tuilleries,

where every man was bound to appear in uniform, and each of the ladies wore a ball-dress of the period—"as much a costume as any ever worn at masquerade or fancy ball." Tables were groaning under pâtés de foie gras and truffes en serviette, and there was an incessant flow of Sillery of the choicest vintages. "But to me the most interesting sight," writes the courtly correspondent, "was to see the emperor moving round the circle and talking to his guests, just as monsieur un tel ought to do, and does when he understands the graceful duties of hospitality." Shortly afterwards Baron Haussmann was entertaining three thousand persons at the Hôtel de Ville. The correspondent "looked on with supreme pleasure at a luxury which, while reminding one of the decadence of Rome, now indicates only the wealth of France."

Doubtless both the Préfet of the Seine and his master masked anxious hearts with smiling countenances, for they knew that the guests were dancing on a smouldering volcano. In four years the emperor was a dethroned exile, and before that Baron Haussmann had been undeservedly and ungratefully disgraced; for after nobly carrying out the conceptions he had been authorized to realize he withdrew into private life, a comparatively poor man. Yet in the summer of 1866 the tottering emperor had received a striking testimony to his ascendancy in European politics, when Francis Joseph resigned Venetia into his hands, inviting his mediation for the restoration of peace. In Paris he had always a useful ally in the clever Princess Mathilde, whom he not only pensioned, but had befriended by securing her handsome matrimonial settlements. Yet the salons of the princess's hotel were ever open to brilliant mockers and frondeurs; and it was significant of the times that a piece of wit was invariably welcome, even if it told severely against the régime. As to that Captain Bingham has a characteristic story in which the joke was carried too far to be altogether agreeable to the society. It had come to the princess's ears that M. Billault had a stingingly

satirical song in his possession. The minister admitted that he had the manuscript in his pocket; the hostess constrained him to read it aloud; the guests were sworn to secrecy, and the servants sent away. Very clever and stinging it was,—so much so that “the first couplets were received with profound silence, followed by murmurs of stupefaction, stifled laughter, and cries of indignation.” Several of the party were severely lashed, and the point was that the emperor was made to plead guilty to innumerable follies and mistakes, to which the obsequious Billault responded with the invariable refrain, “Majesté, vous avez raison.” The sworn secrecy was disregarded and betrayed. Next morning Billault received a note from his master, inviting him to breakfast, and commanding him to bring the verses. His Majesty read them, shrugged his shoulders, and behaved very well. He asked if the minister knew the author. Billault answered in the affirmative, adding that he was an upright man and faithful to the government. “So much the better,” said his Majesty. “You can tell him that I don’t want to know his name, but that I should like to see his next production before it is read to the princess.”

Before 1870 the volcano was giving sinister signs of speedy eruption. The shooting of Victor Noir provoked a great public scandal, and the scenes at the funeral were ominous of serious trouble. The story of the events that preceded the outbreak of hostilities has been often told. The emperor feared and resented the unexpected aggrandizement of Prussia, and Bismarck was eager to bring matters to an arbitrament. He judged the situation and all the conditions soundly, and knew well what he was about. The emperor, as the writer happens to know, was entirely misled by his envoys to the southern German States as to the state of feeling there. Had he been content or able to wait, he would unquestionably have found allies in Austria and Italy. But there can be no doubt that events were precipitated by sheer terror

of the democracy. He elected for the lesser of two dangers with his eyes open. Frenchmen in general, and the Parisians in particular, were madly set upon a triumphant march to Berlin. The papers discovered in the Tuilleries after the flight of the empress prove that her husband did not stake his crown without very sufficient warning. The military attaché at Berlin, as we all know, was outspoken enough. And so far back as December, 1866, Ducret, who commanded in Strasburg, had written to Trochu: “While we are pompously deliberating on what must be done to have an army, Prussia simply proposes to invade our territory. She will be in a position to bring into the field six hundred thousand men and twelve hundred guns before we have dreamed of organizing half that force. There is not a German who does not believe in an approaching war.” That confidential letter must have been intercepted, and copied in the *Cabinet Noir*. And similar warnings were multiplied to the court, through the whole threatening course of the stormy negotiations on the cession of Luxemburg and the Hohenzollern candidature. Thiers, as Captain Bingham points out, must be debited with his full share of the blame. The historian of the Consulate and Empire ought to have studied and weighed comparative military forces and their respective potentialities for attack and defence. Yet for four years before the outbreak of war he had never ceased to inflame popular passions by bewailing in the Chamber the decline of French preponderance. He was yet to demonstrate his incapacity as a practical strategist when he hurriedly abandoned to the Commune the Paris he had himself fortified.

After the display of squibs and Roman candles at Saarbrück, when the young prince received his baptism of fire, reverse rapidly succeeded reverse. But the mob had been so excited by wild canards of signal victories that it was dangerous to make even an approximation to the truth. We believe the personal courage of Count de Palikao was beyond question. Yet, “to gain a few

hours, with the news of a crushing defeat in his pocket, he said in the Chamber, 'If I could only tell you all I know, Paris would illuminate this evening.' " On the other hand, when the news came of the culminating catastrophe of Sedan, the empress bore up heroically under the shock, showing as much moral resolution as personal courage. Had she seen rational chances of effective support, undoubtedly she would have made a stand for the throne, although that has never been a national tradition. Captain Bingham remarks elsewhere on the ease with which French governments have been disposed of since Louis XVI. refused to fight. The vox populi has always spoken with irresistible might, especially when shouting from behind the barricades.

The provisional military régime had abdicated, and now the eloquence of the Palais had its opportunity. The new self-elected government was a government of babblers and lawyers, though, indeed, the warlike Trochu out-talked them all. If brave words could have retrieved national misfortunes, they were the men to charge themselves with the destinies of prostrate France. We can conceive the grim satisfaction with which Bismarck, Moltke, and Von Roon read their patriotic proclamations to the beleaguered citizens. The inflated bombast culminated in Jules Favre's Bobadil-like ultimatum, "Not a stone of our fortresses—not an inch of our soil." Captain Bingham had remained at his post as haphazard correspondent through both the sieges, and in both the lot of the besieged resident was anything but an enviable one. When the Germans had closed in, suspicions were everywhere rife; the cry of treachery was on the lips of each grimy patriot, and a foreign accent was a damnable pièce de conviction. Trochu himself was arrested for a spy, though the general-in-chief succeeded in establishing his identity. If a house happened to look out towards the detached forts of the enceinte, it was dangerous to light a lamp without closing the shutters, for flashing of signals to the enemy

was a common and capital charge. Out of doors the light began to fail, as gas and paraffin were necessarily economized. The Boulevards of an evening were dismal as Père La Chaise; the trees in the Bois were being felled for fuel; and the Champs Elysées began to resemble the Chicago cattle-yards. Altogether life was desperately dull, and, what was more, it began to be desperately dear. On November 18th, we are told, a plump sewer-rat was selling for three francs, a turkey fetched a couple of guineas, and a pound of butter commanded £2 16s. A month later an egg was priced at 1½ francs, and a rabbit had risen from fourteen to thirty francs. On December 9 Captain Bingham's cook, after standing in the long queue for a couple of hours, came home with rations for three days, consisting of a herring apiece. We had an opportunity of seeing Captain Bingham's butcher-bills, and they included camel, camelopard, elephant, and rhinoceros. It need not be said that it was not every one who could afford to pay fancy prices for strange meats from the Jardins des Plantes et d'Acclimation; and it will always be a mystery how less fortunate individuals contrived to subsist upon public or private charity; also how the fashionable restaurants for long continued to give their customers a creditable dinner for the reasonable charge of one louis. Still there was a limit even among imprisoned capitalists to fancy prices, and no purchaser could be found for the hippopotamus at £3.200. Three weeks afterwards the city surrendered, and, so far as we know, the behemoth survived.

The costs of the war would have been even more onerous had the Germans realized the resources of France. The famous economist, Leroy Beaulieu, understood them better. He wrote, when the war ransom had been fixed, "We know what sacrifices are imposed upon us by this increase of £400,000,000 to our public debt and the development of our military expenditure. But our neighbors are ignorant of all the resources which French thought and French work can furnish." A few

years afterwards Bismarck became alive to his mistake, and would have retrieved it by a second summary invasion, had it not been for the interposition of the czar. In these anxious days the writer had a letter from a man—not Captain Bingham—who had access to sources of information the most intimes. Like Bingham, he occupied an apartment looking out on the Arc de Triomphe. And he wrote, "I never dress of a morning without seeing the triumphant Prussians again passing under the Arch."

The Commune was a legacy of the humiliating war, and, as we said, of the extravagant expenditure of the Empire. Paris was discontented, impoverished, and overcrowded with workmen out of employment, from whom the insurrectionary Directory recruited its defenders. The bourgeois Thiers, soldier-like only in theory, was not the man for the critical situation. Had MacMahon been then in charge, events might have been very different. Thiers' best excuse was that he could not trust the soldiers. Had they looked up to a marshal whose courage they respected, and been under the wholesome terrors of military law, there would have been little fear of their fraternizing with the discontented. The regular uniform has a supreme contempt for shop-keepers of the National Guard and pekings in blouses. As it was, Thiers, though he had such dashing soldiers as De Gallifet at his back, showed a pitiable example of impotence and vacillation. There was no reason why he should not have at once drawn the teeth of the factions by quietly removing the guns parked on the heights of Montmartre. The writer saw them a few days before the impending outbreak practically unguarded. Indeed the cannon had actually been secured, but unfortunately the teams to drag them away had been forgotten. That might have been the error of an incapable subordinate. But Thiers evacuated Paris so promptly that in his panic he would actually have abandoned Valérien, and that key of the attack was only saved by a timely reminder and remon-

strance. Then respectable citizens were startled by the depressing news that they had been deserted by Admiral Saisset, the trusty commander of the National Guard, who had followed Thiers to Versailles. The law-abiding men of property had fondly believed that he, at least, would have stuck to his post. The admiral afterwards explained to Bingham that he had acted sorely *contre cœur*. But Thiers' orders were peremptory, and he was bound to obey.

One of the first striking incidents of the second siege was the demonstration of the Rue de la Paix, which ended in a slaughter of unarmed men. We always doubted whether the Communists were greatly to blame, and Captain Bingham's testimony goes far to exculpate them. A more insane project than for a procession of unarmed citizens to force a line of military posts, could hardly have been conceived. But the friends of order were not content with simple persuasion: "the language used was of an excitable, if not a violent character." The National Guard gave them fair warning, and only fired when their line was being broken. Bingham says that the casualties would have been far more numerous had not the Federalists passed the night in the wine-shops. Moreover, it is more than probable that many fired in the air, otherwise the volleys at point blank must have been much more deadly. And the report we had from Laurence Oliphant corresponds with that of Captain Bingham. Oliphant was an eyewitness, and helped afterwards to drag some of the wounded into the offices of Messrs. Blount the bankers. He had been warned, by the by, that he might expect a sign that he had been sinning against the light in declining to quit Paris at the orders of his prophet. He took that bloody drama of the Rue de la Paix as the predicted sign, and straightway sent in his demission as *Times* correspondent.

The gentlemen of the pavement had been succeeded by the gentlemen of the gutter, and these last were by no means pleasant masters. A strange mixture

they were; for with Blanqui, who had grown grey in conspiracies, and with the Raoul Rigaults and the Felix Pyats, were such honest fanatics as Delescluze, such chivalrous though mistaken soldiers as Rossel. The world of Paris was more topsy-turvy than ever. With men like Rossel and the fighting Pole Dombrowski at their disposal, the Communists chose for their general-in-chief Bergeret the ex-waiter. He could not ride; he did not care to walk so far; so when he delivered his famous attack on Versailles, he accompanied the column in a carriage and pair, till the fire from Valérien disturbed his equanimity. It was then that Paris was encouraged by the memorable despatch announcing that Bergeret lui-même was directing operations. There were exceptions, and Raoul Rigault was one; but Bingham does justice to the general incorruptibility of the feather-brained anarchists. So far as honesty went, they made a happy choice of their finance minister. "Jourde's wife washed the family linen as of yore (not that the minister seemed to use much), and he took his hurried meals at a low eating-house. And, poor fellow, he looked sadly in want of good feeding." Indeed it is a singular fact that with Paris abandoned to the dregs of the populace, the deserted mansions of the rich were not given over to sack and pillage. There was the Bank of France, with untold gold in the cellars. The governor remained courageously at his post, and treated coolly and successfully with the commissioners of the Commune. He ransomed the vast treasures in his custody for less than a million sterling. And Bingham vouches for a fact which would otherwise seem incredible. "While the marquis was doling out his millions of francs to the Commune, he was sending regularly, once a week, silver and gold wherewith to pay the Versailles troops, who cost about £120,000 a day." Almost as mysterious is the protracted defence, and it suggests that the dash had been taken out of the regular officers and privates, demoralized by a succession of crushing disasters. Cluseret, who had

been war minister for nearly a month, asserted that during that period "the Communists only lost one hundred and seventy-one men, and that only six thousand men, not including two thousand artillerymen, were engaged in the defence." As Bingham, who accepts the statement, comments, "It was this insignificant number of combatants, who spent more time in the wine-shops than on the ramparts, which resisted for two long months an army of one hundred thousand men, forty-seven field-batteries, and a formidable siege-artillery." It might have been supposed that the patriotic besiegers, at some personal risk, would have been eager to spare the capital the calamities of a prolonged bombardment. But for weeks they were content to lay at long-bowls with the cannon of the forts and enceinte. Their firing was so methodical that the regular intervals could be confidently reckoned with. At times they made it hot enough at the exposed crossings, and Captain Bingham gives a grimly ludicrous account of a troop of *bonnes* waiting a chance to rush across to the bakery over the way. At last the Versailles troops slipped into the city in place of storming it; and we know how terrible and indiscriminating were the reprisals. No one can ever tell how many innocent victims were murdered at Satory or dropped to these nocturnal volleys of platoon firing, which disturbed the slumbers of the residents near the Parc de Monceaux and the Gardens of the Luxemburg. "What struck me as deplorable in those days," says Captain Bingham, "was the conduct of the population, which, after having shown the most abject submission to the Commune, now clamored for blood. No sooner was an arrest made than the cry, *A mort! à mort!* was raised."

On the close of that bloody tragedy which restored Paris and France to the rule of the constitutional democracy we may let the curtain fall. Since then every political notoriety and many an obscure individual have had their chance. Captain Bingham remarks that under the Third Republic there

have been thirty-six ministers of the interior. It is relatively satisfactory, with regard to the continuity and stability of French foreign policy, to know that there have been only half as many ministers of foreign affairs. On which his comment is that these frequent changes keep up a certain excitement, and do not seem to do the country much harm. He thinks that ministerial instability appears to act like a sedative, and to prevent more serious complications. We are glad to believe that the English temperament is essentially different from that of the French; but should we ever realize the fond dreams of our advanced Radicals, and have annual Parliaments with paid members, we may go through a course of somewhat similar experiences, which will at least give us "a certain amount of excitement."

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"Yes, mother, he will come. Of course he will come!" and the girl turned her drawn and anxious young face towards the cottage door, just as if her blind mother could see her action.

It is probable that the old woman divined the longing glance from the change in the girl's tone, for she, too, half turned towards the door. It was a habit these two women had acquired. They constantly looked towards the door for the arrival of one who never came through the long summer days, through the quiet winter evenings; moreover, they rarely spoke of other things, this arrival was the topic of their lives. And now the old woman's life was drawing to a close, as some lives do, without its object. She herself felt it, and her daughter knew it.

There was in both of them a subtle sense of clinging. It was hard to die without touching the reward of a wondrous patience. It was cruel to deprive the girl of this burden, for in most burdens there is a safeguard, in all a duty, and in some the greatest happiness allotted to human existence.

It was no new thing, this waiting for the scapegrace son; the girl had grown up to it, for she would not know her brother should she meet him in the street. Since sight had left the old mother's eyes she had fed her heart upon this hope.

He had left them eighteen years before in a fit of passionate resentment against his father, whose only fault had been too great an indulgence for the son of his old age. Nothing had been too good for dear Stephen—hardly anything had been good enough. Educated at a charity school himself, the simple old clergyman held the mistaken view that no man can be educated above his station.

There are some people who hold this view still, but they cannot do so much longer. Strikes, labor troubles, and the difficulties of domestic service; so-called gentleman farmers, gentleman shop-keepers and lady milliners—above all, a few colonies peopled by university failures, will teach us in time that to educate our sons above their station is to handicap them cruelly in the race of life.

Stephen Leach was one of the early victims to this craze. His father, having risen by the force of his own will and the capabilities of his own mind from the people to the Church, held, as such men do, that he had only to give his son a good education to ensure his career in life. So everything—even to the old parson's sense of right and wrong—was sacrificed to the education of Stephen Leach at public school and university. Here he met and selected for his friends youths whose futures were ensured, and who were only passing through the formula of an education so that no one could say that they were unfit for the snug government appointment, living, or inheritance of a more substantial sort that might be waiting for them. Stephen acquired their ways of life without possessing their advantages, and the consequence was something very nearly approaching to ruin for the little country rectory. Not having been a university man himself, the rector did not know

that at Oxford or Cambridge, as in the army, one may live according to one's tastes. Stephen Leach had expensive tastes, and he unscrupulously traded on his father's ignorance. He was good-looking, and had a certain brilliancy of manner which "goes down" well at the 'varsity. Everything was against him, and at last the end came. At last the rector's eyes were opened, and when a narrow-minded man's eyes are once opened he usually becomes stony at the heart.

Stephen Leach left England, and before he landed in America his father had departed on a longer journey. The ne'er-do-well had the good grace to send back the little sums of money saved by his mother in her widowhood, and gradually his letters ceased. It was known that he was in Chili, and there was war going on there, and yet the good old lady's faith never wavered.

"He will come, Joyce," she would say; "he will surely come."

And somehow it came to be an understood thing that he was to come in the afternoon when they were all ready for him—when Joyce had clad her pretty young form in a dark dress, and when the old lady was up and seated in her chair by the fire in winter, by the door in summer. They had never imagined his arrival at another time. It would not be quite the same should he make a mistake and come in the morning, before Joyce had got the house put right.

Yet, he never came. A greater infirmity came instead, and at last Joyce suggested that her mother should not get up in bad weather. They both knew what this meant, but the episode passed as others do, and Mrs. Leach was bedridden. Still she said:—

"He will come, Joyce! He will surely come."

And the girl would go to the window and draw aside the curtain, looking down the quiet country road towards the village.

"Yes, mother, he will come!" was her usual answer; and one day she gave a

little exclamation of surprise and almost of fear.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "there is some one coming along the road."

The old lady was already sitting up in bed, staring with her sightless orbs towards the window.

Thus they waited. The man stopped opposite the cottage, and the two women heard the latch of the gate. Then Joyce, turning, saw that her mother had fainted. But it was only momentary. By the time she reached the bed her mother had recovered consciousness.

"Go," said the old lady breathlessly; "go and let him in yourself."

Down-stairs, on the doorstep, the girl found a tall man of thirty or thereabouts, with a browner face than English suns could account for. He looked down into her eager eyes with a strange questioning wonder.

"Am I too late?" he asked in a voice which almost seemed to indicate a hope that it might be so.

"No, Stephen," she answered. "But mother cannot live much longer. You are just in time."

The young man made a hesitating little movement with his right hand and shuffled uneasily on the clean stone step. He was like an actor called suddenly upon the stage, having no knowledge of his part. The return of this prodigal was not a dramatic success. No one seemed desirous of learning whether he had lived upon husks or otherwise, and with whom he had eaten. The quiet dignity of the girl, who had remained behind to do all the work and bear all the burden, seemed in some subtle manner to deprive him of any romance that might have attached itself to him. She ignored his half-proffered hand, and turning into the little passage, led the way up-stairs.

Stephen Leach followed silently. He was rather large for the house, and especially for the stairs; moreover, he had a certain burliness of walk, such as is acquired by men living constantly in the open. There was a vaguely-pained look in his blue eyes, as if they had

suddenly been opened to his own shortcomings. His attitude towards Joyce was distinctly apologetic.

When he followed the girl across the threshold of her mother's bedroom, the old lady was sitting up in bed, holding out trembling arms towards the door.

Here Stephen Leach seemed to know better what to do. He held his mother in his arms while she sobbed and murmured out her joy. He had no words, but his arms meant more than his lips could ever have told.

It would seem that the best part of happiness is the sharing it with some one else.

"Joyce" was the first distinct word the old lady spoke, "Joyce, he has come at last. He has come! Come here, dear. Kiss your brother. This is my firstborn—my little Steve."

The young man had sunk upon his knees at the bedside, probably because it was the most convenient position. He did not second his mother's proposal with much enthusiasm. Altogether he did not seem to have discovered much sympathy with the sister whom he had left in her cradle.

Joyce came forward and leaned over the bed to kiss her brother, while the old lady's hands joined theirs. Just as her fresh young lips came within reach he turned his face aside, so that the kiss fell on barren ground on his tanned cheek.

"Joyce," continued the old lady feverishly, "I am not afraid to die now, for Stephen is here. Your brother will take care of you, dear, when I am gone."

It was strange that Stephen had not spoken yet; and it was perhaps just as well, because there are occasions in life when men do wisely to keep silent.

"He is strong," the proud mother went on. "I can feel it. His hands are large and steady and quiet, and his arms are big and very hard."

The young man knelt upright and submitted gravely to this maternal inventory.

"Yes," she said, "I knew he would grow to be a big man. His little fingers were so strong—he hurt me some-

times. What a great moustache! I knew you had been a soldier. And the skin of your face is brown and a little rough. What is this? what is this, Stephen, dear? Is this a wound?"

"Yes," answered the Prodigal, speaking for the first time. "That is a sword cut. I got that in the last war. I am a colonel in the Chilian army, or was, before I resigned."

The old lady's sightless eyes were fixed on his face as if listening for the echo of another voice in his deep quiet tones.

"Your voice is deeper than your father's ever was," she said; and all the while her trembling fingers moved lovingly over his face, touching the deep cut from cheek-bone to jaw with soft inquiry. "This must have been very near your eye, Stephen. Promise me, dear, no more soldiering."

"I promise that," he replied, without raising his eyes.

Such was the home-coming of the Prodigal. After all, he arrived at the right moment in the afternoon, when the house was ready. It sometimes does happen so in real life, and not only in books. There is a great deal that might be altered in this world, but sometimes, by a mere chance, things come about rightly. And yet there was something wrong, something subtle, which the dying woman's duller senses failed to detect. Her son, her Stephen, was quiet, and had not much to say for himself. He apparently had the habit of taking things as they came. There was no enthusiasm, but rather a restraint in his manner, more especially towards Joyce.

The girl noticed it, but even her small experience of human kind had taught her that large, fair-skinned men are often thus. They are not "*de ceux qui s'expliquent*," but go through life placidly, leaving unsaid and undone many things which some think they ought to say and do.

After the first excitement of the return was over it became glaringly apparent that Stephen had arrived just in time. His mother fell into a happy sleep before sunset; and when the ac-

tive young doctor came a little later in the evening he shook his head.

"Yes," he said, "I see that she is asleep and quiet—too quiet. It is a foretaste of a longer sleep; some old people have it."

For the first time Joyce's courage seemed to give way. When she had been alone she was brave enough, but now that her brother was there, woman-like, she seemed to turn to him with a sudden fear. They stood side by side, near the bed, and the young doctor involuntarily watched them. Stephen had taken her hand in his with that silent sympathy which was so natural and so eloquent. He said nothing, this big, sun-tanned youth; he did not even glance down at his sister, who stood small, soft-eyed, and gentle at his side.

The doctor knew something of the history of the small family thus momentarily united, and he had always feared that if Stephen Leach did return it would only kill his mother. This, indeed, seemed to be the result about to follow.

Presently the doctor took his leave. He was a young man engaged in getting together a good practice, and in his own interest he had been forced to give up waiting for his patients to finish dying.

"I am glad you are here," he said to Stephen, who accompanied him to the door. "It would not do for your sister to be alone; this may go on for a couple of days."

It did not go on for a couple of days, but Mrs. Leach lived through that night in the same semi-comatose state. The two watchers sat in her room until supper-time, when they left their mother in charge of a hired nurse, whose services Joyce had been forced to seek.

After supper Stephen Leach seemed at last to find his tongue, and he talked in his quiet, almost gentle voice, such as some big men possess, not about himself or the past, but about Joyce and the future. In a deliberate, businesslike way, he proceeded to investigate the affairs of the dying woman

and the prospects of her daughter; in a word, he asserted his authority as a brother, and Joyce was relieved and happy to obey him.

It is not in times of gaiety that friendships are formed, but in sorrow or suspense. During that long evening this brother and sister suddenly became intimate, more so than months of prosperous intercourse could have made them. At ten o'clock Stephen quietly insisted that Joyce should go to bed, while he lay down, all dressed, on the sofa in the dining-room.

"I shall sleep perfectly; it is not the first time I have slept in my clothes," he said simply.

They went up-stairs together and told the nurse of this arrangement. Joyce remained for some moments by the bedside watching her mother's peaceful sleep, and when she turned she found that Stephen had quietly slipped away. Wondering vaguely whether he had intentionally solved her difficulty as to the fraternal good-night, she went to her own room.

The next morning Mrs. Leach was fully conscious, and appeared to be stronger; nevertheless, she knew that the end was near. She called her two children to her bedside, and, turning her blind eyes towards them, spoke in broken sentences:—

"I am ready now—I am ready," she said. "Dears, I am going to your father—and—thank God, I can tell him that I have left you together. I always knew Stephen would come back. I found it written everywhere in the Bible. Stephen—kiss me, dear!"

The man leaned over the bed and kissed her.

"Ah!" she sighed, "how I wish I could see you—just once before I die. Joyce!" she added, suddenly turning to her daughter, who stood at the other side of the bed, "tell me what he is like. But—I know, I *know*—I feel it. Listen! He is tall and spare, like his father. His hair is black, like his father's—it was black before he went away. His eyes, I know, are dark—almost black. He is pale—like a Spaniard!"

Joyce, looking across the bed with slow horror dawning in her face, looked into a pair of blue eyes beneath tawny hair, cut short as a soldier's hair should be. She looked upon a man big, broad, fair—English from crown to toe—and the quiet command of his lips made her say:—

"Yes, mother, yes."

For some moments there was silence. Joyce stood pale and breathless, wondering what this might mean. Then the dying woman spoke again:—

"Kiss me," she said. "I am going. Stephen first—my firstborn! And now, Joyce—and now kiss each other—across the bed! I want to hear it—I want—to tell—your—father."

With a last effort she raised her hands, seeking their heads. At first Joyce hesitated, then she leaned forward, and the old woman's chilled fingers pressed their lips together. That was the end.

Half an hour afterwards Joyce and this man stood facing each other in the little dining-room. He began his explanation at once.

"Stephen," he said, "was shot—out there—as a traitor. I could not tell her that! I did not mean to do this, but what else could I do?"

He paused, moved towards the door with that same strange hesitation which she had noticed on his arrival. At the door he turned to justify himself:—

"I still think," he said gravely, "that it was the best thing to do."

Joyce made no answer. The tears stood in her eyes. There was something very pathetic in the distress of this strong man, facing, as it were, an emergency of which he felt the delicacy to be beyond his cleverness to handle.

"Last night," he went on, "I made all the necessary arrangements for your future—just as Stephen would have made them—as a brother might have done. I—he and I were brother-officers in a very wild army. Your brother—was not a good man. None of us were."

His hand was on the door.

"He asked me to come and tell you," he added. "I shall go back now."

They stood thus: he watching her face with his honest soft blue eyes, she failing to meet his glance.

"May I come back again?" he asked suddenly.

She gave a little gasp, but made no answer.

"I will come back in six months," he announced quietly, and then he closed the door behind him.

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ENGLISH AND AMERICANS IN FRENCH FICTION.

Novellists can expect lasting celebrity only in proportion to the importance and permanency of their subjects; for principles and topics have their vicissitudes in common with all human things. It is the province of the novelist to throw light on characters, and since the rapid development of the means of travelling, fiction is becoming more and more international every year. M. Jules Verne has taken us "Round the World in Eighty Days," and now the foreigner is frequently introduced into the fiction of the three great book-producing countries of the world—France, England, and the United States of America. It may be true that the Mistress Jones and Sir Williams in French novels are rather poor translations of Mrs. Jones and Sir John Williams seen in London drawing-rooms, and the Transatlantic Britons as seen through Parisian authors' glasses are not "such real flesh-and-blood men and women of the States" as those, for instance, whom Mr. Henry James so well limns; but the French people introduced into English and American novels are also frequently exaggerated specimens of humanity. The wonderful series of cosmopolitan novels written by M. Jules Verne, and the skilfully drawn descriptions of the adventures of the English and American tourists among the Greek brigands

in Edmond About's "Le roi des montagnes" may be said to be the forerunners of a marked improvement in French works of fiction dealing with Anglo-Saxon characters. Before Jules Verne and Edmond About, the British and Yankee creations of French authors were quite as ridiculous as the caricatures still seen on the stage of the minor Parisian music-halls. The study of the English language is now regarded as an important subject in all French public schools, and translations of the best works of contemporary British and American novelists are an important feature in the principal Parisian publishers' catalogues.

The most cosmopolitan of all contemporary French novelists is M. Paul Bourget, who is not only one of the leaders of the psychological school, but is also a great traveller. He has often expressed the greatest sympathy and admiration for England and the English, and his "Études anglaises, fantaisies, pastels, dix portraits de femme" (published in 1889), is a good sample of his sincerity. His most characteristic novel is that entitled "Cosmopolis," and in it we are introduced to a combination of those lights and shadows of cosmopolitan life which none but a citizen of the world is qualified to give us. The various personages, with the single exception of the Legitimist Marquis de Montfaucon, frequent the same shady society in Cosmopolis (which, according to the author's interpretation, means Rome), and there is an entire absence of that effeminate softness which pervades the ordinary French novel. A Venetian noble middle-aged lady, the Countess Steno, a licentious and degraded character, has two lovers, a Polish Count Gorka and an American artist named Maitland. The count is married to an English lady, who is not in the least suspicious of her husband; and the wife of the American artist is a French girl with negro blood in her veins, who delights in mischief-making. The daughter of the Countess Steno is a virtuous girl, and the brother of Mrs. Maitland is a man of honor. The other characters

include a rich Jewish baron, his daughter Fanny; a ruined Italian Prince Ardena, who is desirous of marrying the Jew's daughter; and a French author named Dorsenne. This description of the characters almost explains the action of the novel. In what is called the world of fashion, capricious and changeable as it is, there will always be new follies and new vices to engage the attention and provoke the ahmad-version of the moral observer. M. Bourget presents an animated and perhaps a too correct picture of modern manners in a certain class of society, and the novel-reader of either sex may draw many useful and important lessons from the scenes he exhibits to their view. There are also some clever portraits of English and Americans in M. Edouard Rod's "Scènes de la vie cosmopolite." In M. Henri Rabusson's "Sans entraves," one of the characters, Yvonne, a worthless woman, has an English drunken husband, who turns up at awkward moments. There is also a beautiful and wealthy American girl, who is by no means happily married to a French nobleman. There are several other well-drawn characters in this novel, and the author has been no less successful in painting the fastidious extravagances of thoroughbred women of fashion. The late "Claude Vignon"¹ has presented some marvellous pic-

¹ "Claude Vignon" was the *nom de plume* of the first wife of M. Rouvier, the French politician and ex-president of the Council. As "Claude Vignon," Madame Rouvier was well known in journalism, literature, and art. Her real name was Noémie Cadot, and she was married in early life to M. Constant, an ex-priest. After his death she married M. Rouvier, who was much attached to her. Owing to her political, literary, and artistic connections, Madame Rouvier had many foes who were jealous of her reputation, and were in the habit of saying malicious things about her. Only a few days before her death one of her husband's bitterest opponents taunted her with having been on the Secret Service List of Napoleon III. She sent works of sculpture to the Salon on many occasions, and, besides, contributed to the pages of various French and Belgian newspapers. She wrote several novels, which, if they revealed no touches of genius, were at least very readable, from the fact that their characters, according to some, were taken from real life.

tures of English and Americans in the novel "Une étrangère." There is an American adventuress, who foists a supposititious child on an English peer, and, after a series of experiences, finally takes refuge in injections of morphia. The plot is interesting and highly dramatic. With boldness characteristic of the author, the American woman and the English peer are taken into strange quarters and meet with strange companions. Around the central motive is woven a most ingenious fabric of love, adventure, crime, and retribution, constructed in a bold and most picturesque manner. M. Jean Malic's "Flirtage" is a volume of amusing short stories. The heroine of the first is an American young lady called Miss Millie Lobster. The freeborn Yankee girl is naturally a flirt, and her first victim is a Frenchman, M. Jean de Ville d'Avray. Miss Lobster soon transfers her affections to a young Englishman, and the Frenchman departs a wiser and sadder man. Lively stories of Anglo-Saxon girls will also be found in the collection entitled "Flirts," by M. Lionel Radiguet. M. Pierre Monfalcone's novel, "Monte Carlo intime," seems to have been written for the purpose of exposing the gambling saloons. Cosmopolitan characters abound and the events tread on each other's heels with an almost overwhelming rapidity. The author sharply admonishes the reigning Prince of Monaco for allowing his beautiful territory to be transformed into a "gambling hell."

There are also several French novels wherein millionaire Yankees and travelling helresses from New York are conspicuous by their absence, and English lords and ladies shine in all their glory. To many French readers of fiction an English lord is of higher rank than a foreign duke or marquis.

"But, sir, is not the aristocracy of England," said Coningsby, "a real one? You do not confound our peerage, for example, with the degraded patricians of the Continent?"

"Hum!" said Millbank. "I do not understand how an aristocracy can exist.

unless it be distinguished by some quality which no other class of the community possesses. Distinction is the basis of aristocracy. If you permit only one class of the population, for example, to bear arms, they are an aristocracy; not one much to my taste, but still a great fact. That, however, is not the characteristic of the English peerage. I have yet to learn they are richer than we are, better informed, wiser, or more distinguished for public or private virtue. Is it not monstrous, then, that a small number of men, several of whom take the titles of duke and earl from towns in this very neighborhood, towns which they never saw, which never heard of them, which they did not form, or build, or establish—I say, is it not monstrous that individuals so circumstanced should be invested with the highest of conceivable privileges—the privilege of making laws?"

This passage from Lord Beaconsfield's political novel has been paraphrased by more than one contemporary French novelist, and some of their characters are not unlike those to be found in "Coningsby." Some of the authors have also taken the liberty of using the titles of living British noblemen. For instance, one of the characters of M. Pierre Cœur's novel, "Les derniers de leur race," is a governess "chez le duc d'Argyll." In M. Charles d'Osson's "Brelan de docteurs," a lunatic English heroine has the title of Lady Clarendon. The living representatives of the House of Lords, however, can scarcely find fault with the late M. Albert Delpit for selecting the title of "Lord Willie Pérégode" for the English hero in "La vengeresse," nor with Madame Hortense Roland for having chosen that of "Lord Lovely" for the kind-hearted English nobleman in her novel "Moines et comédiennes." Lord Lovely does much to alleviate the sufferings of the heroine, Diana de Vaux Bois, who is persecuted by a terrible set of Jesuits, "les pères Gaforites," bent on securing the inheritance which belongs to her. Madame Roland's novel is to a great extent a pale imitation of Eugène Sue's, but the adventures of the impossible English

nobleman are quite as amusing as "Max O'Rell's" works. The Comtesse de Castellana-Acquaviva's novel, "Le mariage de Lady Constance," is more satisfactory from an English point of view. In fact, it could pass very well for a French translation of a modern English novel. The comtesse has evidently mixed freely in English society, and studied the best authors and authorities. M. Georges Ohnet has also invented British titles for his novels. In "Noir et rose," the proud representative of the House of Lords is the Marquis of Mellivan Grey. He has a daughter named Daisy, and the plot deals with her romantic love story. M. Georges Duval in "Master Punch" describes the history of Lord Madigan, his son William, and that son's beloved, Margaret Stent. M. Alfred Sirven introduces into his new novel, "La Femme du Fou," an English duke, who leaves the following will:—

I bequeath to the Blue Lady my total income for one year—namely, three millions—on my capital deposited in the Bank of England, which have received orders in consequence. Duke Harris-Harrison.

The author also informs his readers that—

Colney Hatch is an establishment which greatly resembles our Bicêtre.

It is situated three miles from London, in the middle of a vast and verdant meadow; the air is healthy and strengthening.

This contributes not a little to the recovery of the patients, who for the most part have had their brains deranged by the disgusting and putrid fogs of the great city.

We may now pass from lords and dukes to knights and baronets, who are fairly well represented in contemporary French fiction. It would be impossible to mention all of them in this paper, but here are two. The hero of M. Armand Ocampo's novel, "Une passion," is Sir W. Albert Stone, and that of M. A. Rasseti's "Rosa Romano" is Sir Richard Ashley. The hero of the last named novel is a sympathetic personage, and he rescues Rosa

Romano from a mountain grave in the Pyrenees. The French lover, Etienne Pelletier, is a thorough scoundrel, and the Englishman manly and noble. It is not often that we find a French novelist bold enough to show a countryman to disadvantage and a son of "Perfidious Albion" to advantage. In M. A. de Bernard's novel, "Les épreuves d'une héritière," the wicked suitor is an Englishman, and the good one is an Italian. The heiress is an English young lady, who has sixty thousand a year. The young lady is naturally a "prize-packet," and the jealous rivals are not afraid of spilling blood to win her. Some interesting English characters will also be found in M. Gustave Genevoix's "Duel féminin," Madame Jeanne Leroy's "Roman d'Arlette," Th. Bentzon's (Madame Blanc) "Miss Jane," and M. Hector Malot's "Sans famille."

The experiences of French people in England, especially London, as depicted by French novelists, have not been so satisfactory as their description of British subjects sojourning in "la belle France." This is partly owing to the fact that Parisian authors have frequent opportunities of studying British tourists in the gay capital, while their own visits to the metropolis have been of short duration, and often do not extend beyond a mile of Leicester Square. Even a brilliant critic and journalist like the late M. Auguste Vitu, who was not inclined to romancing, has written equally absurd descriptions of London manners. In one of the volumes of the "Mille et une nuits de théâtre" he informs his readers:—

Since the year 1850, thirty thousand Frenchmen at least annually visit England; the Strand and Regent Street are quite as familiar to us as the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue de la Paix; one can speak and eat French in Charing Cross, in Pall Mall, at the Royal Coffee,¹ at Dieudonné's, at Morley's Hotel, and everywhere. The *Figaro* is sold in Leicester Square like here in the Rue de Croissant, and musical criticism, which

¹ M. Vitu means the Café Royal.

has become ambulatory, now only requires a long step from the Boulevard des Italiens to Covent Garden, to follow the theatrical movement of the season. But those who go through the pleasantries, difficulties, and perils of a similar voyage, must be prepared for the bitterness of the beer, and the indigestibility of the venison with jelly, which has only an archæological value, and tastes very much like the contents of an old tin of preserves forgotten in a pantry.

The author of the novel "Bérangère," M. Edouard Delpit, evidently belongs to the class of gay *boulevardiers* who have ventured once in their lives across the Channel for a short sojourn in the neighborhood of Soho. His "hero," the Baron de Chazeuil, is a very wicked man, who has committed all sorts of dreadful crimes in "la belle France." His subsequent adventures are but links of the same chain, and when the continental police are seeking for him in every direction, he is very glad to avail himself of the hospitality of "perfidious Albion." He arrives in England with a pair of red whiskers, and adopts the name of Mr. Pernet. This new subject of the queen naturally very soon takes to the national drink of the country of his adoption, and is a large consumer of "des pots de gin." This leads to grave results, and Mr. Pernet, in a fit of drunken rage, sets fire to his English home. He stands on the balcony with a revolver, and prevents his daughter from leaving the burning house. The London firemen and the crowd of cockneys are unable to render any assistance, but fortunately a gallant French officer in full uniform, who has been presented to the queen of England at a Drawing Room, arrives on the scene, and rescues the heroic maiden from the flames. The brother of the author of "Bérangère," M. Albert Delpit, has also laid some of the scenes of his novel "Passionnement" in England. The heroine is a Mrs. Maud Vivian, who is "connected with the best English families," and the hero is a Frenchman, "well-born and loyal." The greater part of the novel consists of satirical sketches

of extreme temperance people, but the author rather oversteps the mark when he says, "In spite of temperance societies ladies get drunk like porters" in England. A more creditable production concerning English customs is "La jambe coupée," by the barrister-novelist, M. Masson-Forestier. It is a story with a purpose, for explaining the differences of the British and French laws as applied to the crews of the merchant service. It seems that French seamen are able to claim damages against ship-owners in several cases where a British subject cannot. M. Masson-Forestier plainly shows that the captains of vessels of uncertain or mixed nationality, starting from Havre or Bordeaux with a cargo belonging to a French merchant, generally come to one of the British ports and re-engage the seamen, so as to bring them under the British act of Parliament. There are some clever descriptions of English life in M. Fortunio's "Roman d'une Anglaise." M. Jules Claretie, the present manager of the Comédie Française, also belongs to the race of French novelists who have crossed the Channel for their scenes and subjects. His work, "La fugitive," is a romance of the slums of London. It was written some years ago, when "slumming" was considered a fashionable occupation. M. Claretie, however, has certainly executed his task with great ability; he illustrates his design by numerous examples, and he has rendered his characters and incidents in the highest degree amusing. Some of the characters—for instance, Lord Harrison and his son, Sir Charles Harrison, and Miss Eva Perkins—may seem to English readers rather remarkable specimens of the aristocracy on this side of the Channel, but they are quite as lifelike as many French counts and barons introduced into modern English fiction. M. Lafontaine's novel "La servante" runs on nearly the same lines as M. Claretie's work. Both novels begin with scenes of wild-beast taming, and many of the incidents are similar, but there can be no charge of plagiarism, as both were published within a few weeks of each other.

There are some remarkable pictures of life in England, as depicted by French novelists, in M. G. Boutelleau's "Méha" and M. F. Depardieu's "Nina," and the description of London club life in M. G. Jollet's novel, "Les mains blanches," is really wonderful. The author describes the restoration to health of a Bohemian with a shattered constitution. His hero is introduced to a club in Hanover Square, where turtle soup, grilled salmon, boiled mutton, vegetables, cheese, and rhubarb tart are all served at the same time. For this dinner, which was washed down with several jugs of beer, a half-sovereign, a crown-piece, "des schillings et des pièces de sixpence" were returned to the consumer out of a sovereign. The author evidently studied "life" at a workmen's club, and mistook it for one "patronized by royalty and nobility." M. Odysse Barot, the author of a meritorious "Histoire de la littérature contemporaine en Angleterre, 1830-1874," has written a novel, "Les amours de la duchesse." He is evidently acquainted with the South London districts, as his heroine is called the Duchess of Kennington. The noble lady has a son, Mr. John Marcy, who is certainly a smart journalist, but rather inconvenient as a son. The author's descriptions of English society are, on the whole, drawn with skill and fidelity. This fidelity, however, does not constitute the distinguishing charm of "Le mariage de Londres," written by an anonymous novelist. We are told that the coast of Sussex is in front of Woolwich. The leading nobleman is Lord Sydney Pontypool, a member of the House of Lords, who is very much interested in the Claimant, poor "Lord Tichborne." The novel contains some observations on English music, and the French readers are informed that "Rule Britannia" and "British (?) will never be slaves" are two separate songs. The hero of M. Gustave Haller's novel "Vertu" is an extraordinary gentleman named Mr. James Trimmin, who is not only a captain in the Guards, but also an "Evangelical teetotaler," Republican,

and Socialist. Mr. Trimmin lives in a "tiny house in Portland Place," and some of his acquaintances go about the streets of London with daggers in their pockets. Another important personage is Sir William Delmase, a City merchant, who resides in "Williams street, Lowndes Square." Poor Sir Delmase deserves every sympathy, as his wife, Antonie, has for a lover a Hindoo lord, who prays every afternoon at the golden altar of St. George's, Hanover Square. The *raison d'être* of this novel, M. Gustave Haller informs his readers, was to enlighten those who are unable to spend in England those long years which are necessary for gaining a thorough knowledge of English customs and habits. It cannot be said that the author's efforts have been crowned with success.

The sudden outburst of French sympathy for Irish Home Rule in 1844,¹ when Ledru Rollin declared that the democracy of his country "had not forgotten the Irish Legion which fought by the side of their ancestors, nor were they ignorant that the politics of the present day drew the two nations together," though no longer within the pale of practical politics, is by no means forgotten by the generation of to-day. It is, therefore, not surprising that Irish grievances, real and imaginary, and Fenianism should be utilized as subjects by contemporary French novelists. A notable example is the novel "Confession d'un amant," by M. Marcel Prévost, a young author, one of whose earlier works, "Mademoiselle Jaufre," reminded M. Jules Lemaitre, the eminent critic of the *Journal des Débats* of Georges Sand. The "Confession d'un amant" shows a great deal of the analytical power of Ma-

¹ Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in "Young Ireland," says: "The feasibility of an invasion of Ireland was a frequent text of the (French) journalists, and her wrongs were described in language of remarkable vigor. One tragic sentence still lingers in my memory: 'Like Ixion at his wheel, the Irishman eternally traces the same circle of woes, and meets at every infliction of his jaded round a torture the more, always repeating his bloody struggle for deliverance, and finding that each but leads to fresh agonies.'"

dame Sand, but it may also be said to bear traces of Balzac and Paul Bourget. The hero is a young fellow named Frédéric de Périgny, who has been brought up by elderly matrons in the French provinces. Full of gloomy reflections, the hero joins an old Irish tutor—Francis O'Kent—who has been his mentor. Mr. O'Kent, like all the characters in the book, is studied from life, and M. Prévost evidently has intended to make something of this man, as the type of an Hibernian Revolutionist who is at the same time a worldly-wise person. With this political enthusiast, but practical reasoner where ordinary life is concerned, the hero goes off to Ireland in order to join a "movement" in Fenianism. A clever French novel on Irish life and manners is the "*Terre d'Emeraude*," by Madame Marie Anne de Bovet, who is well known as an able translator and writer on Ireland and the Irish question. The scene of her novel is laid entirely in England and Ireland, partly in London society and partly among the Irish Nationalists and the Irish landlords. The hero of the novel is a young Nationalist M.P., and the heroine belongs to the land-owning class. As in Mrs. Barrett Browning's "*Lady Geraldine*," we find "the right divine of love to set its foot on the neck of pride:"—

She has halls and she has castles, and the
resonant steam eagles
Follow far on the direction of her little
dove-like hand—
Trailing on a thundrous vapor underneath
the starry vigils,
So to mark upon the blasted heaven the
measure of her hand.

Madame Germaine d'Anjou's "*La petite nièce d'O'Connell*" is a novel after Archbishop Walsh's own heart. We find Ireland depicted as an intensely Catholic nation, and suffering martyrdom for her political principles. Irish characters are also found in M. Léon de Tinseau's "*Sur le seuil*," and in M. E. Grimbolt's "*Mademoiselle Henri*." In the first there is a capital Irish waiting lady, Mrs. Crowe, who almost reminds one of the kind-hearted Mrs.

O'Dowd in Thackeray's "*Vanity Fair*," but in the second the "peer of Ireland," who rejoices in the title of "*le Duc Moran O'Leary*," is rather an extraordinary personage.

The adventures of Frenchmen in the British colonies, and the explorations of Anglo-Saxons in more or less hospitable regions, abound in contemporary French fiction. It is scarcely worth while to mention the numerous novels of M. Jules Verne, which are full of perilous adventures and almost miraculous escapes, as these works are well known to British readers through the medium of admirable translations; but other French novelists have contributed some interesting books of fictitious travels which deserve to become better known on this side of the Channel. The "*Histoire d'une famille d'émigrants*," by M. Armand Dubarry, has been adopted by several French educational authorities for school use, and the author has been awarded medals and testimonials by many learned societies. The subject of the novel is by no means a new one, consisting, as it does, of only a slight variation upon the theme of the "*Swiss Family Robinson*," which in its turn was simply a fresh version of a story as old almost as Alexander Selkirk's adventures upon which Daniel Defoe founded his novel "*Robinson Crusoe*." The variation, however, is a very clever one. The leading personages are an Alsatian family who have been wrecked and journey across Australia. The author has given his readers a tale full of incident, and chequered with all the moods of human passion and feeling—from the agony and pathos of despair and sorrow to cheerfulness and joy; and even, in a few instances, to the merriment of broad humor; but he is never insincere. There are some inaccuracies regarding the British colonists—for instance, the Australia of to-day and the Australia of "les convicts" days are mixed up in a way rather misleading to the average French reader, but upon the whole the "*Histoire d'une famille d'émigrants*" is a work of very considerable talent and interest. In M. Léon de Tinseau's

novel "Faut-il aimer?" the scene is partly laid in Paris and partly in western Manitoba. The scenes near the Canadian Pacific line are cleverly described, and the Canadian characters it contains are drawn with much delicacy of coloring. "Le secret de Sir William" (?), by M. Marc Anfossi, and "Le voyage de William Willoughby," by M. G. Michaud, are also thoroughly representative French novels of exploration. The first owes much to M. Jules Verne, and the second reminds one of the late Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." The French novelist, however, probably never read a line of the English author's work, and he is certainly to be credited with the original idea of an American doctress promising to marry somebody if he will discover the North Pole. Tales of adventure have also been used by some French authors as a mask for political purposes. M. Edmond Thiaudière, who belongs to an old Poitevine family allied to that of Voltaire, some years ago brought out an imaginary translation from the English called "Voyage en Bubaterbo au pays des jolis bœufs, traduit de l'anglais de Lord Humour," which contains some passages worthy of the old French philosopher. This playful novel caused much merriment among the Parisian wits, and the successful "translator" soon brought out another work still more diverting than the first. The second was entitled "Voyage de Lord Humour dans l'île Servat-Abus, ou pays de Rétrogrades." M. Thiaudière's object was to write a thinly veiled satire against French politicians: and it must be confessed that, through the aid of the fictitious English nobleman, Lord Humour, he has not spared them. There is no political satire in M. Pierre Sales' novel, "Le puits mitoyen," but there is plenty of crime, and the criminals are of British extraction. The best part of the action passes at Calcutta, and there are two English villains who bear the extraordinary names of Climpson and Smithwork. The wife of Mr. Climpson is called Lady Climpson. The author might just as well have made the hus-

band a "real live English lord" while he was about it. There are some other equally impossible English names in the novel, but the sensational scenes are not without merit. There are also some terrible Anglo-Indians in M. H. Cauvin's novel, "La mort d'Eva." The principal villain is Lord Sir Guy Richardson, who fights a duel on horseback with carbines, and shoots his enemy with a silver bullet! A more accurate observation, however, of life in British India is M. Robert de Bonnière's in "Le baiser de Maïna." His Indian novel was, he tells us, composed in an Indian visit, in which he received much kindness from the English officials. An ardent and sincere admirer of India, he seems to have ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and to have pictured upon his mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. He has observed with equal care the crags of the rocks and the pinnacles of the palaces: in short, whatever was awfully great or elegantly little, he appears to have viewed with a sympathetic mind, and has clothed it in clever descriptive scenes; while the beasts of the jungle, from the noblest to the humblest, have helped to fill his novel with inexhaustible variety.

Transatlantic personages are even more numerous represented in contemporary French fiction than their cousins on this side of the British Channel. Perhaps the two most sympathetic American ladies in a modern French novel are to be found in the "Abbé Constantin," which has been treated with all the elegance of M. Ludovic Halévy's pen. The novel is well known in England, and dramatic adaptations both in English and French have been frequently seen on the London stage. Another clever French novel dealing with wealthy Transatlantic people is "L'Américaine," by M. Jules Claretie. Here the ladies are scarcely so sympathetic, but there is not a single line of impropriety in the whole novel. The "Américaine" is a Mrs. Norton, wife of a millionaire of New York. Mrs. Norton was formerly

a Miss Harley, and had met and loved a young French nobleman, the Marquis de Solis. He reciprocated the affection, but had not dollars enough to marry her. The wealthy Mr. Norton then stepped in and won the lady. Mrs. Norton accepts the new condition of affairs with apathy, and is led to Europe, like all rich American brides. She becomes the rage in Paris, and is subsequently introduced to the Marquis de Solis at Trouville by her husband, who is unaware of the previous attachment. The marquis renews his declarations of love, and his opportunity arrives when the husband is suddenly summoned to the United States on important business. This causes gossip in Trouville among the French and American visitors, and Mr. Norton returns and hears "rumors" about his wife. The lovers are about to elope, and duels are threatened. The marquis is challenged by an American colonel, and afterwards Mr. Norton hints at an encounter. "All's well that ends well," however: Mrs. Norton has been cured of her lovesickness, and the Marquis de Solis marries Miss Eva Meridith, Mr. Norton's niece, who has already been offered to him by way of compensation. Objections will possibly be taken by Americans to the pictures of their compatriots in M. René de Pont-Jest's new novel, "Grand mariage." Here is an extract from the opening:—

The day passed away rapidly for Joe Maxime Harris, one of the wealthiest manufacturers of Chicago.

... His face was clean shaven, with the exception of a large goat-beard which covered his chin, and which at the particular time was still the ungracious fashion among the Americans. Well, in spite of his coarse appearance and rather common manners, Maxime Harris, had not an unpleasant physiognomy. On the contrary, it was easy to read on his countenance the spirit of kindness. ... This illiterate man, eager in business affairs, sanguine, very severe in his factories and with his employees, became, as soon as he arrived home, a head of the family as commodious as many others.

Master Harris was balancing himself in

his rocking-chair, while thinking of the object of his sister's visit, when the door of the smoking-room opened to make way for Mistress Palmyre Derson, née Harris.

Mistress Palmyre vigorously grasped his hands, a real Yankee *shake-hands*, looked firmly at her brother for a minute, and, suddenly submitting to a tender impulse, threw herself into his arms.

"At last, here I am, my good Joe, and I will not leave you again! The family before everything!" . . .

She was tall, with a flat waist, not very striking elbows, and a corset which did not fit her gracefully. She had large feet and large hands. Not very bewitching, in fact, though one could not positively say that she was ugly. Besides, she was clad in a brown dress, without elegance—a real Quakeress costume.

Mme. Derson was not one of those deceitful creatures who hide their countenance under a mask, and impose on people. . . .

"Since the sad day when you lost your devoted companion, I have only thought of replacing her here to the best of my ability, and now a favorable occasion has been offered to me, I have seized the opportunity for abandoning Philadelphia and returning to the place under your roof which I should have never quitted." . . .

"Yes, the house is very dull since the death of my dear wife, and we often bewail her loss, Jane and myself. But your husband, my excellent brother-in-law Jonathan, what have you done with him? What reason did you give him to explain your departure?"

"None!"

"That was simple. He is still at Philadelphia?"

"No doubt!"

"He did not make the least observation to you?"

"What right has he?"

"What right has he? Are you divorced?"

"No; but we cannot agree on the interpretation of certain verses of chapter v. of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians."

"Oh! that is very serious."

"Do not laugh."

"I am far from thinking of that. And what do those verses say?"

"The Apostle settles the duties between husband and wife, and says, verse 24:

"Therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything."

"Ah! ah! in everything? That is quite right!"

"You think so? Poor Joe! But it is not literally that these lines must be followed. We must judge the spirit. Now, Jonathan and myself are not of the same opinion."

"Did you leave him for that?"

"Was that not a sufficient reason for a Quakeress, who believes in her dignity?"

"That is true, you are a Quakeress! I had forgotten it. Ah! my lady! you must pardon me; I was still under the impression that you were a Methodist!"

"You are backward, my brother; it was during the time of my third husband, William Bright, whom I had the misfortune of being introduced to in this house."

"Ah! yes, that is true; I recollect now. I gave you that husband. I even brought him fifty thousand dollars, if my memory is correct. He was a lawyer of great talent, an excellent man, a fervent Methodist!"

The heroine of M. Henri de Chennevières' novel, "*Un mari à l'essai*," is a Miss Mercédès Allator. The young American lady, who is wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, is betrothed to a French nobleman, the Marquis de Valroze. The young gentleman has more good spirits than good principles, with very little money, and a prodigious quantity of impudence. Nevertheless, he has found a young lady of fortune and position to marry him, but the price of her hand is a long engagement, in order that she may study his character. This, however, rather diminishes than increases her attractions in the eyes of the French nobleman, and the "lovers" very soon part. The young gentleman marries a French lady of noble family with fewer "dollars," and Miss Mercédès Allator consoles herself with a literary man, who is more reasonable than the Marquis de Valroze. Franco-American matrimonial schemes are also depicted by M. Albert Rhodes in his novel "*Ruses de guerre*." The author describes the devices adopted by an American family of

rich *trappeurs* for securing marriages of "affection" with a noble French family, an alliance with which has been offered to them by accident. Nearly all the American ladies and French or other noblemen in the novels issued by Parisian publishers pretend to love one another most sincerely, but the cynical authors rather mischievously point out that solid Yankee dollars and genuine European titles are "not only generally useful, but, in some particular cases, indispensably necessary" before the dates of the marriages can possibly be fixed. M. Henri Gallieur's novel, "*Maud Dexter*," is a clever story of these matrimonial alliances, and there are several capital pictures of American life in his other work, "*Daniel Cummings*." M. Gallieur has evidently mixed freely among living Yankees, but he is never spiteful and never treats with contempt the citizens of the great nation across the Atlantic. His heroine, Ella, is extraordinary, as becomes a young lady of the United States, but her successful lover, the Hungarian Attila Kiramy, is better than most of his companions in fortune and fiction. The same cannot be said with regard to the "hero" of M. A. Gennevraye's "*Roman d'un sous-lieutenant*." Here we have a young member of the old French nobility wasting his time and fortune at gambling hells, and finally marrying an American heiress for her money. The worst features of Parisian and American society are exposed with remarkable force in the late M. Henri de Pène's novel, "*Les demi-crimes*." As that distinguished critic, the late M. Armand de Pontmartin, justly observed in one of his "*Semaines Littéraires*:"—

Henri de Pène has shown himself, in his novel, as able a judge of American manners as he is of Parisian manners. It is the fusion and the antagonism of these two elements which are ingredients of his story. The *bourgeois* of Paris, with his easy morals, his accommodating religion, his elastic honesty, his malleability; the *Yankee*, with his audaciousness, his fertility of resources, of inventions and expedients, his practical spirit, his ability

as a pioneer, his love of adventure, his unscrupulousness, and his fitness in the struggle for life, and his desires for wealth and luxury. Antoine Delalande and Mark Smallbones, two well-studied and characteristic personages, have had not any secrets for Henri Pène, and the combination produces a long string of *Demi-crimes*.

Shady Americans are also seen in M. Dubut de la Forest's "Un Américain de Paris," and in M. Hector Malot's "L'Auberge du monde," which is, of course, Paris. In Octave Feuillet's "Histoire d'une Parisienne," one of the personages, a Baron de Maurescamp, who quarrels with his wife, allows himself to be taken advantage of by a young American person rather fond of *pale ale*. The novel "Deux feuilles au vent," by M. J. H. Menos, describes the career of two charming girls in Franco-American society. Both manage to secure husbands, but they are not equally happy. The commencement of the story is an exquisite piece of homely painting, quiet and affecting, and minute; but one of the heroines after her marriage has the misfortune to be cursed with a profligate husband. M. Marie Uchard's novel "Inès Parker" describes the life of a beautiful American girl, and, to use a sufficing phrase of Goethe's, she "bears a pledge of love beneath her bosom."

Travels of Parisians to the United States in search of fortune or adventure have been the subject of many modern French novels. It cannot be said that the results have been always satisfactory, as some of the volumes exhibit a variety of characteristic sketches and detached anecdotes, which sometimes appear to be without an object, rather than a connected series of adventures involving the fortunes of any particular individuals, and exemplifying in their termination some useful and specific moral. M. Léon de Tinseau's novel, "Dettes oubliées," however, is entirely free from the exaggerations common with French novelists in dealing with the subject of American adventure. It is divided in two parts, and the scene of the first half

is laid in France, while the scene of the other half is laid in the Western States of the American Union. The second part is as carefully handled as the first, and the principal personages are distinguished from each other by strong traits of character. The narrative is also conducted with spirit and possesses considerable interest. The hero of M. Marius Bernard's novel, "Au pays des dollars," is not of a romantic turn of mind. He travels from France to New York and Philadelphia in search of fortune, and is robbed by the Yankees in the most approved fashion—at least from a French point of view. The young fellow afterwards returns to France a wiser man on learning of the death of his wealthy uncle. M. Bernard has drawn the most unfriendly picture of the Americans since Mrs. Frances Trollope.

The Yankees are scarcely much better treated in Madame Henri Gréville's "Frankley." The novel is the result of a visit to the United States, and the opening scenes, in which the horrors of the American treatment of baggage are so cleverly described, excite a strong and vivid interest. M. P. Coquelle's "L'homme au diamant" revolves round a gem of that kind which its involuntary, and for a time unconscious, possessor has swallowed in the unusual envelope of an oyster. Among the interesting personages is a pretty lady cousin and a comic doctor, and the numerous accounts of American accidents and incidents are as cleverly drawn as the sensational "telegrams" from the "States" sent to the London newspapers by certain agencies. A great part of Baron de Woëlmont's novel, "Nelly MacEdwards," is devoted to a description of an Atlantic voyage. The hero is a Frenchman, and he is in love with an American girl. The novel abounds in adventures of the most marvellous and extraordinary nature, and a "terrible" railway accident brings it to a conclusion. Some capital stories of American adventure will also be found in the volume by M. de Varigny under the title of "La femme aux Etats-Unis." M. de Va-

rigny has evidently passed some time among the Yankees, and some of his tales are worthy of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The life of Belle Starr, the "woman highwayman" of the Far West, is an interesting study. M. Guy de Charnace's novel, "Vaincu," is inspired by recollections of the War of Secession. The author gives a faithful transcript of the various battles, and there are some characteristic sketches of Lee, Grant, Sheridan, Jackson, and the other prominent personages of that period in the history of America.

It has been reserved for French novelists to discover that baronets and knights are really as common in the United States as in the United Kingdom. There is a remarkable American boxer, named "Sir" Robert Street, in M. Gustave Guiches' novel "L'imprévu;" and the good genius of M. Jacques Normand's "La Madone" is another American, "Sir" Harris Burnett. The kind-hearted "Sir" Harris rescues a prosperous artist (who ought to know better) from the toils of an Italian adventuress. In M. Charles d'Osson's novel, "La chasse à l'héritière," there is a wealthy old citizen of New York named "Sir" William Palmers, who is the grandfather of a Miss Evelyn Benedett. The young lady is pursued by numerous fortune-hunters, but the would-be husbands think more of the old gentleman's "brass" than of his "title."

The Transatlantic Briton has been on the whole treated with greater consideration by French novelists than his cousin on this side of the English Channel. The reason perhaps may be found in the opening lines of Chateaubriand's charming story, "Atala:"—

France formerly possessed, in North America, a vast empire, which extended from Labrador to the Floridas, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the most distant lakes of Upper Canada. Four large rivers, that have their sources in the same mountains, divided those immense regions: the St. Lawrence on the east, which loses itself in the gulf of the same name; the West river, which bears its waters to un-

known seas; the Bourbon, which runs from south to north into Hudson's Bay; and the Meschacebé (the original name of Mississippi or Meschassipi), which flows from north to south into the Gulf of Mexico. This last river, in the course of more than a thousand leagues, waters a delightful country, which the inhabitants of the United States call the *New Eden*, and to which the French have left the pleasing name of Louisiana.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE COUNTESS KRASINSKA'S DIARY.¹

This curious little volume, the authenticity of which we have been at some pains to verify, comes to us from America, the only other translation being in French. In this, which is free and fluent, occasional expressions betray that Mr. Kasimir Dziekonska, if indeed a Pole, has lived and learned in the United States. But if the task of rendering into another language the frank, outspoken utterances of a young girl—as frank in some instances as Marie Bashkirtseff herself—has been done, as it seems to us, with great success.

The diary of a Polish lady of high degree, written a hundred and fifty years ago, could hardly fail to be instructive, as throwing light on the customs and prejudices existing in her country at that time. Poland may be said to have been still two hundred years behind the rest of Europe: the mirror we look into is of steel, not Venice glass, polished as is the surface presented by the upper classes. In the pages before us we see the almost feudal barbarism in which the great nobles lived, combined with the grace and charm distinguishing their social intercourse. This book, therefore, has a double value. It is, first, a "human document," delineating with extraor-

¹ The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great-Grandmother of Victor Emanuel. Translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. Chicago: 1896.

inary frankness the vanity, the ambition, the passion, but also the unselfishness and tenderness that go to make up the remarkable character of the young writer. Secondly, it is a picture, Holbeinesque in its fidelity, of the feudal state in which a great nobleman lived in the last century, when elsewhere such conditions of life had long since become impossible.

Before we begin this curious narrative, which touches one of the historical characters of the time, it may be well to refresh the reader's memory as to the actual condition of Poland before its dismemberment. The country, with its elective crown, held an unique, but by no means happy, position, being a prey to secret intrigues from foreign courts—notably those of France and Russia—each advancing a different candidate for the throne, each striving to obtain ascendancy in its counsels. The father-in-law of Louis XV., Stanislas Leczinski, after first being supported and then abandoned by the French arms, had fled the country in order to save his head, upon which the Russians had set a price. His successor, Augustus III., elector of Saxony, was the father of the Dauphine of France, a lady universally beloved and respected. His illegitimate brother, Maurice of Saxony, was the first general and favorite hero of the French people. Now, the Saxon party in Poland desired that Augustus's son, the Duke of Courland—a prominent figure in this diary—should succeed his father. His interests were, therefore, naturally supported, in outward appearance, by the French court. But the king's cousin, the Prince de Conti, at the instigation of certain Polish magnates, and with Louis's secret approval, had enrolled himself among the aspirants for the throne, at the next election. These complicated and antagonistic interests involved a tortuous policy on Louis's part, whose secret correspondence on the subject is a curious revelation of double dealing. That Augustus, whose declining health rendered it probable that the throne would shortly be vacant, was partially aware of these in-

trigues, is probable. But there was another, and, as the event proved, more formidable candidate in Stanislas Poniatowski, who had spent four years in Russia as Polish envoy, and had been one of the Empress Catherine's favorites—a partiality which stood him later in good stead. Thus the position of the Saxon party was insecure; a false step might destroy all chance of the Duke of Courland ever reaching that throne on which his father was seated. It is well to bear this in mind when judging the young man's subsequent conduct.

The Countess Françoise Krasinska, the second daughter of Count Korvin Krasinski, was born in 1742, at the castle of Maleszow, the ruins of which are still standing. She begins her diary on January 1, 1750, impelled thereto by her father's having read aloud to his family extracts from a huge tome, in which he has written down all that occurred "of importance" as it happened throughout his life. Fortunately for us, the facts, sentiments and reflections of his sixteen-year-old daughter are not always such as would have appeared "of importance to the respectable but pompous gentleman whose acquaintance we make in these pages. Her "honored Parents"—she never speaks of them otherwise—were both so deeply imbued with the grandeur of their family, which was not only of great antiquity, but illustrious for valor, that they never ceased talking of their ancestry. It would have been regarded as a disgrace had the children not known the names and exploits of every Krasinski and every Korvin in past history, the latter house being descended from the Roman family of Corvinus, who came to Poland in the eleventh century. "I can recite the genealogy of the Krasinskis, and the history of each of them, as perfectly as my morning prayer," she writes, "and I think that I should have more difficulty in telling the names of our Polish kings in chronological order than in telling those of my ancestors. The pictures of the most illustrious are in

our hall"—and they may still be seen in Count Adam Krasinski's palace in Warsaw.

After regretting that her father has no son to inherit the family honors—only four daughters—Françoise, who is the second of the sisters, proceeds, quite naturally, to discuss her good looks, her manners, her proficiency in accomplishments:—

The courtiers tell me often that I am the handsomest, but I am sure I do not see it; we all have the bearing becoming young ladies of high station, daughters of a Staroste; we are straight as poplars, with complexions white as snow, and cheeks pink as roses; our waists, especially when Madame ties us fast in our stays, can be, as they say, "clasped with one hand." In the parlor, before guests, we know how to make our courtesy, low or déagé, according to their importance; we have been taught to sit quiet on the very edge of a stool, with our eyes cast down and our hands folded, so that one might think we were not able to count three, or were too prim even to walk out of the room easily. But people would think differently if they saw us on a summer morning, when we are allowed to go to the woods in morning gowns, without stays, puffs, coiffures, or high-heeled shoes. Oh! how we climb the steep hill-sides, and run and shout and sing till our poor Madame is quite out of breath from running and calling after us.

The girl has scarcely ever left home, except twice a year to visit one of her aunts. But the "honored Parents" are now thinking of sending her to finish her education at a convent in Warsaw, where her elder sister, Basia, has, of course, learned "more than any of us; her courtesies are the lowest, and her manners the most stately." Françoise half dreads, half longs for the convent. "I am perfectly happy at home; but there I shall improve in the French language, which is now indispensable for a lady, also in music and in dancing, and besides that, I shall see a great town, our capital."

The castle of Maleszow must have been a formidable home, one would

think, little suggestive of youthful jollity, with its "four bastions, surrounded by a moat full of water, crossed by a drawbridge, and situated amidst forests in a rocky country." But Françoise declares herself to be so happy here that she would like to sing and dance all the day long. The "honored Parents" complain sometimes that they are not quite comfortable; it fatigues them to go up and down so many steps; but then they are no longer young. "For me," adds the girl, "these stairs are just my delight; often, when I have not yet all my puffs on, I grasp the handrail, and am down in one second, without my foot touching the steps. . . . It is true our many guests may sometimes be crowded a little in their sleeping rooms," but she doubts if they could amuse themselves more if the castle were three times as large. "We are especially gay when winter comes; then the captain of our dragoons does not lift up the drawbridge till night, so many people are continually driving in and out, and our court band has enough to do, playing every day for us to dance."

She then goes on, with evident pride, to give an account of the retinue, which, in accordance with his rank, the count keeps at the castle: "There are two classes of courtiers, the honorary and the salaried ones, all alike nobles, with swords at their sides. The first are about twenty in number," and their duties seem to be to escort, to defend, and to amuse their lord. In this latter capacity, Mathias, the court jester, is naturally supreme, and more privileged than the rest, being not only witty, but wise. Françoise considers it unjust that he should be called "a fool." Throughout the diary reference is constantly made to his intuition, his perspicacity, and his warm, loving nature. In reading of him one feels that the world, in its advancement, has lost something by discarding its court fools. Six girls of good family, and two dwarfs (one of whom is forty, but of the size of a four-year-old child, and is dressed like a Turk) belong to the category of the unpaid, and

live on the same floor as the daughters of the house, under Madame's supervision. The other and still smaller dwarf is sometimes put by the "honored Mother" for sport on the dinner-table, "where he walks about among bottles and plates, as easily as if he were in a garden." The domestic details that follow are diverting. We are told that there is no special dinner provided for the servants of these courtiers, who stand behind their masters' chairs at meals, and must be satisfied with what is left on the plates, and "follow with a covetous eye each morsel on its way to the master's mouth." Poor servants, and poor courtiers! The process must have been almost as distressing to the watched as to the watchers.

The only salaried courtiers who are allowed to come to the count's table are the chaplain, the physician, and the secretary. A delightful little detail of thrift is provided for us by the mention that, while on ordinary days the glasses of guests are always constantly replenished, only on feast days are those of the courtiers kept filled; and "to tell the truth, those who sit at our table have more honor than profit, for they do not always have the same kind of food that we have. . . . The last man served gets often but scanty bits of meat, and whether there are four courses, as on week days, or seven, as on Sundays, or twelve, as on festivals, I do not remember ever having seen anything left on our table."

The count pays his salaried retinue from three hundred to a thousand florins annually, provides provender for their horses, and livery for their valets; but then he expects them to present themselves always well dressed. Young boys of noble family perform a sort of novitiate in the service, accompanying the carriages on horseback, fetching and carrying letters, and always ready for every kind of errand. The musicians, cooks, link boys, cosacks, ostlers, valets, and maids are innumerable. There are five different dinner tables; two stewards are busy from morning till night giving out the

provisions; and when fresh stores are brought in, the "honored Mother" superintends, keeping also herself the keys of the medicine closet, where spices, dainties, and sweet liquors are kept. The mixture of sumptuousness and frugality in this record of domestic life is extremely curious.

The young countess then proceeds to describe how her day is passed: "We rise at six in summer and seven in winter. All four of us sleep in the same room with Madame, and each of us has an iron bedstead with curtains. Basia, as the eldest, has two pillows and a silk coverlet; we have but one pillow and a woollen blanket." They say a French prayer with Madame, and begin their lessons at once, learning vocabularies, dialogues, and anecdotes by heart, until eight o'clock, when they go down-stairs to the "honored Parents" and to breakfast. Then there is chapel and more lessons—"and Madame dictates to us the verses of a French poet, Malesherbes"—and they are taught to play on the spinet by a German teacher.

When our lessons are over we put on wrappers, and the coiffeur comes to dress our hair, beginning with the eldest. This is a long and often painful operation, especially when he is inventing some new coiffure. As my hair is the thickest and longest (it drags upon the floor when I am sitting before the dressing table) it is on my head that he generally makes his experiments. It is true that he does make very beautiful and wonderful coiffures; for instance, the one I have to-day is so pretty, having a *laissez-aller* effect; all my hair is lifted up very high, half of it arranged in puffs on the top of the head, the other half falling in loose curls on the neck and shoulders; there must have been at least half a pound of powder used in it. One dressing takes two or three hours, during which Madame reads to us a new French book, the "*Magasin des Enfants*" by Madame Beaumont.

At noon they go down to dinner, where they sit two hours, and the "honored Parents" allow their daughters to remain with them for the rest of the

day. If the weather is fine, they take a walk; if not, they sit at their embroidery frames as long as they can see, when lights are brought in—"many wax tapers burning in silver candelabra . . . rather yellow, being made from our own wax." They sup at seven, and the evening is given to amusement—most generally cards. Once a week a messenger goes to Warsaw for letters and newspapers, and then the chaplain reads aloud the *Gazette* and the *Courier*. Occasionally, the count, faithful to his duty of impressing the family importance on his children, reads the old chronicles, which Françoise finds "sometimes very dull, sometimes very interesting." During carnival the evenings are given up to games, music, and dancing. "I cannot imagine," she says, "how they can amuse themselves better at the court in Warsaw. How can it be gayer anywhere than in our Maleszow? Still, I should like, if only out of curiosity, to have just a taste of that Court-life."

She will have a taste of it later, poor child! a taste which will poison all her after-life, and cause her to look back, no doubt, with sorrowful wonder on the innocent enjoyments of her early youth, before ambition and disappointment had stained the golden horizon of her future.

The next entry in Françoise's diary contains the first mention of the king, and of his son, the Duke of Courland. Augustus III., a kind, but weak, pleasure-loving man, had been elected to the throne on the death of his father, Augustus II. He never cared for Poland; his heart was always with Saxony. He had been persuaded to become a candidate for the Polish crown by his wife, a daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II. and an admirable woman, greatly beloved by the Poles. She was dead; her wholesome influence over the king was gone, and the minister Brühl now ruled everything—and everything seemed going wrong, not only in Poland, but in Saxony. How much of this was due to foreign machinations Françoise certainly has no idea. She only knows that people say,

"We need a Frederick the Great, with a strong head and an iron will."

Duke Charles was twenty-six, and the best beloved of the king's sons. This is how she introduces her future hero: "People say he has a real gift for attracting all hearts to him: he is very handsome, very stately in figure, and very courteous in manner: and, having spent almost his whole life in Poland, he knows our language perfectly. I have heard so much of his good qualities that my best wishes are for him, though Poniatowski is my countryman." Of the Prince di Conti, the other candidate for the throne, secretly advanced by Louis XV., she has apparently never heard. Duke Charles has just been elected Duke of Courland, and the investiture is to take place on the day Françoise writes; but while they are drinking his health at Maleszow comes a messenger from Warsaw with the news that the ceremony has had to be postponed, owing to the duke's indisposition. Whereupon the court fool says, "As the mitre slips, so the crown will slip," and the enthusiastic young countess feels inclined to cry. But there are too many great people present to indulge this luxury—the Wolvode of Caclaw and others. The Wolvode's two sons, who have been educated at the court of Stanislas Leczinski¹ in Luneville, arrive the following day, and disappoint Françoise's expectations, which have been raised by hearing that every young man who has enjoyed this advantage is sure to be refined, and to dance the minuet gracefully. The elder is especially annoying: he is stout and not fond of dancing. "As to his Parisian accent, I cannot judge about that, as he did not say one French word, but mixes his Polish and Latin quite as the old gentlemen do. His brother, who is a colonel in the king's army, pleased me a little more; he has, at least, a fine uniform."

However, as neither gentleman

¹ The father of Marie Leczinska, after his dethronement, had Lorraine allotted to him, where he lived universally beloved. It was held to be a great privilege to have been trained at his court.

shows any symptoms of being captivated by the young Françoise, it is just as well that she is disappointed in them. The elder, whose title is the Staroste of Radow, provokes her more and more. "He never looks at us girls, nor speaks to one of us;" and yet, only two days later, he asks the "honored Parents" to bestow on him the hand of their eldest daughter. Basia is sent for, and comes back to the schoolroom in tears, saying that she dreads the marriage, and will always regret her old home, but that it is not possible to refuse such a match, as the "honored Parents" wish it, telling her the staroste is "an honorable man, religious, and of a kind disposition . . . his family is also old and very wealthy. . . . I am sorry," adds Françoise, "to have written what I did about the staroste; but then it is not I that am to marry him, and if he pleases Basia, that is enough. Our honored Mother tells her that serious young men make the best husbands. Perhaps so, but as for me . . . well, it is of no use to think about it at present." Which proves that she thinks about it a good deal.

The betrothal takes place two days later, and is described at much length. Basia is given a skein of silk to wind—an old Polish custom—which was to prove whether the girl was patient enough to meet the trials of married life. The staroste comes up to her winding-frame, and asks, in a voice loud enough for all to hear, whether she will be his wife. She replies that the will of her honored Parents has ever been a sacred law to her, and that is all the conversation that passes between the two. Then there are speeches, and an exchange of precious rings, which are blessed by the priest, and the staroste falls at the feet of his future father-in-law, calling God to witness that he will do all in his power to make their daughter happy. The count drinks a bumper of old Hungarian wine to the young couple's health, and all the gentlemen do the same. "My honored Parents kissed Basia on the cheek when she wished

them good-night, and all the people are recommending themselves to her, as many wish that she would take them to her new court." A bag of a thousand ducats and a big trunk of silver plate are handed over for Madame Starostine's trousseau and use; and letters announcing the approaching marriage are sent by messengers to every part of Poland.

For more than a week Françoise is too busy to write. There are the guests to be attended to, and a *déshabille* to be embroidered for her sister, and there is a great hunting party, in which the staroste distinguishes himself, by riding a fiery horse, to such good purpose as to cause the bride-elect some visible emotion, and even to win the favor of Françoise, who thinks so brave and strong a cavalier "can be pardoned, even if he does not like to dance the minuet." Besides all this, there is the division of the countess mother's treasures into four equal parts. She is so anxious to do justice to each daughter that she calls in not only Françoise, but the count and the chaplain, to give their opinion as to the equal value of the shares. Basia will be provided with feather beds, for to each daughter has been allotted for many years a certain number of geese and swans, and each has a separate barrel for feathers and a bag for down. Basia will therefore carry away with her two feather beds, eight big pillows of goose down, and four smaller ones of swan's down.

We have not space to linger over all the curious preparations for the marriage, which takes place a month later. The sentiments of the bride-elect during what, for want of a better term, we must call the courtship, are thus expressed: "Basia's friendship and esteem for the staroste grow every day, although he never speaks to her; all his conversation is with my honored Parents, and all his attentions are paid to them. They say it ought to be so in an honorable courtship." One sees that it does not quite satisfy Françoise, and no wonder; but she concludes with the moral aphorism that has been dropped

into her sixteen-year-old brain; "for is there a better way of gaining the heart of the daughter than by pleasing the Parents?"

The account of the wedding is amusing, but too long to quote. The bride wore a rosemary wreath, into which was fastened a ducat, with the date of Basia's birth year and a bit of bread for good luck; also a lump of sugar, "in order to sweeten the married life, which they say has many difficulties. No jewels were allowed, for it is said that for every precious stone worn on the wedding day one has to pay afterwards with a vial of tears." At the end of the banquet,—

the count gave a sign to the marshal, who brought in a black leather box with brass ornaments which I had never seen before. My honored father opened it and took out a golden cup embossed with precious stones and shaped like a raven; then, rising, he announced with great solemnity that this cup was a souvenir from the time of the Corvins of Rome, and it had not been taken from its box since the day of his own wedding. The butler placed before him a bottle covered with mould containing wine a hundred years old. The count poured the whole into the cup, and, lifting it, cried, "Good luck to the young pair." . . .

After this, cannons fired, bands played, there were hurrahs, and the breaking of glasses, and such a general uproar that Françoise thinks that there cannot be a greater tumult on the Day of Resurrection!

The ball begins at eight, and is opened by the bride and the king's envoy, who dance the "drabant" together. Then follow more lively mazourkas and crocoviaks, Françoise dancing chiefly with the Duke of Courland's envoy, the Castellan of Kochowski, who performs the crocoviaks "like an angel," and sings impromptu verses, "very witty and à propos," while he is prancing about. But, better than all, he talks to her, and talks highly of his master. "Judging from the confidant," she adds, "the other must be a wonder." Her imagination has already

been fired. From this time forward he becomes her one and only hero.

At midnight the "cap" ceremony takes place. The bride is placed on a stool in the middle of the room, and the bridesmaids begin to undo her hair, singing in plaintive voices the old song, "Ah! we are losing you, Basia!" Then the honored Mother removes the rosemary wreath, and in its place is put a big lace cap. "I should have laughed, had not Basia's eyes overflowed with tears. The cap is very becoming to her, which they say is a sign that her husband will love her very much. . . . He could not help it; she is so good."

The departure is thus described:—

When we were finishing breakfast we heard loud crackings of the whip, and a chamberlain entered announcing that everything was ready for the journey. The Staroste looked at his wife, and whispered that it was time to set out. She fell then sobbing at the feet of my honored Parents, thanking them for all their favors during the eighteen years of her life, asking pardon for all the offences she might have committed, and telling them that she wished nothing more than to be henceforth as happy as she had been. . . . There was not a person in the room whose eyes were dry. . . . We went to the bridge, but the captain ordered it to be lifted, and refused to let the bride go until the Staroste gave him a ring as a token that he would bring her back again. The carriages were splendid . . . the horses beautiful, especially six white ones drawing the yellow carriage in which the young couple sat.

The whole of the Krasinski family accompany them to their home—a two days' journey—where, on the frontier of the property, the peasants offer the staroste and his bride bread and salt. In the palace Françoise tastes coffee for the first time, the new fashionable beverage, which "they say spoils the complexion, so it is never served in our house." The young Castellan, who has escorted them on this visit, rides beside Françoise's carriage all the way back, and tries, with indifferent success, to dissipate her sadness

at parting with Basia. "They call him in society 'a charmer,'" she says, "and really he deserves the title. What, then, must be the Duke, his master!"

After this, we are not surprised to learn that on their return to Maleszow the young man proposes to the count for the hand of Françoise. That acute young person observes the Castellan talking eagerly with her father, and when a goose with black gravy is brought to table later,¹ she guesses what has been the purport of his communication, and the answer he has received. He had not set the right way to work, as the count informs his daughter. "He asked no notable person to speak for him: he came by himself, made his declaration at once, and wanted an immediate reply." Moreover, he is very young, and has no position of his own: therefore, in spite of his ancient lineage and large fortune, he has been dismissed. And Françoise concurs in this decision. She admires the youth, she likes him, she admits his "charm." But—"A Castellan? *That is not enough for me.*" One sees at once what imagination and ambition are driving at. With less entire frankness, perhaps, or with more self-deception than is usual with her, she adds:—

In any case, I have not the slightest desire to be married yet; I am happy as I am. . . . Marriage puts an end to all expectations . . . and I like so much to dream. When I sit at my embroidery frame my thoughts are travelling far and fast; all the things I have ever read come back to my mind; I share the fate of all the heroines of Madame de Beaumont, Madame de la Fayette, and Madame de Scudéry, and it seems to me that I am destined to adventures similar to theirs.

Not similar, poor young lady, but infinitely more pathetic, were the "adventures" that troubled a great part of her after-life.

The visit of her aunt, the Princess

¹ The serving of a goose with dark gravy was held to be a polite indication that a proposal was refused. A pumpkin put in the carriage on the young man's leaving had the same signification.

Woivodine of Lublin, and her husband, a little later this spring, is destined to have a great influence on her future. Their admiration ministers to the girl's vanity, for she says, with her usual naïveté, "I never was aware that I was so handsome;" and they talk not only of Warsaw, its court, and its festivities, but of the Duke of Courland—her hero; so Françoise is supremely happy. "I am sure he will be a great man," she says. "Shall I ever meet him?"

The immediate result of this visit is that, by the advice of these important relations, Françoise is taken to a French school at Warsaw, and left there for a year. She is pleased at this—"for here I shall become an accomplished woman. I want to be distinguished. . . . I will not think of the future, or dream of it, but will study hard and learn all that I can." The arrangements of the school are of conventional rigidity: not a man is allowed inside its doors, on any pretext—except a few old professors. From them she learns French, German, dancing, drawing, artistic embroidery, and music. "There is a beautiful harpsichord; not a spinet, as at Maleszow—it has five and a half octaves!" Her teacher assures her that in a few months she will be able to play polonaises, like some of the young ladies, "not only by ear, but from a music-book." This almost miraculous performance is to be balanced in the sister art, by her being able "to paint with colors a dead tree, on one branch of which is a wreath of flowers, with the initials of my honored Parents, to whom I shall offer my work, as a token of gratitude for the education I have received. . . . What a fine effect it will have, when hung in our parlor-hall!"

Madame carries the key in her own pocket; nobody can come in or go out without her knowledge. The dancing-master teaches Françoise that there are several varieties of courtesying—one before the king; another before the royal princes; still another for lesser dignitaries and their wives. Then comes the first admission, full of significance: "I asked to be taught first

the courtesy for the duke. Some day perhaps I shall salute my hero." Her aunt visits her, and finds that she has much grown, and has a good carriage. "Really I am the tallest of all the girls in the school, and my waistband does not measure quite an ell." Still, in spite of the self-satisfaction begotten by this fact, and the consciousness that she is making great progress in her studies, when June comes the girl feels sad, and longs to spread her wings, and fly far away into the woods and fields. But the days pass quickly—even in Bednarska street, the ugliest in Warsaw—when one is constantly employed: and at the end of July she receives a present of four golden ducats from her sister, the starostine, which is the first money Françoise has ever owned, and the sum appears inexhaustible. She devises all manner of ways of employing her vast capital; and it is noteworthy that her schemes are only to benefit others, never for herself. Finally, she divides three ducats between the servants, and a little surprise-feast for her schoolfellows, while one ducat is devoted to a mass that her Parents' affairs may prosper, and her schoolmistress continue as happy as she now is! Probably few pupils have ever paid money to secure their teacher's temporal or spiritual welfare.

In December a new life begins for Françoise. She leaves school, and instead of returning home, the "honored Parents" consent to her passing the winter with Prince Woivode and her aunt, and being introduced into society. Things at first are not quite as cheerful as she expects: the princess inspires her niece with awe, the Duke of Courland is absent, the visits of ceremony she has to pay with her aunt are wearisome, though the only son of one stately lady pays her "many agreeable compliments, and I think I enjoyed that visit most." But, indeed, of compliments there is no lack, either openly expressed or overheard. She thinks it may be owing to her beautiful clothes, the like of which she has never yet worn. Her vanity is gratified, but she

is disappointed in not seeing Prince Charles, who has now returned after his long absence, but spends his days with his father. "It is quite natural," she says; "I myself have been so often home-sick for my honored Parents. . . . But soon the carnival will begin. . . . The duke goes everywhere. He likes dancing very much, so I am sure to meet him." At Madame Poniatowska's she sees her son Stanislaus, the rival aspirant of Prince Charles for the throne of Poland. "I cannot say that he pleased me," she says—(no wonder!); "although I acknowledge that he is handsome and has grand manners—I should say royal." She observes that the more fashionable the house, and the younger the hostess, the more one hears French spoken; it is only the older people who talk Polish, the men interlarding their conversation with Latin.

On January 1, exactly a year from the day on which she began her diary, occurs the great event of her life, moulding all her subsequent career. She meets Prince Charles, Duke of Courland, at a *ridotto*, or masked ball, to which her aunt takes her dressed as the Goddess of the Sun. She is in

a costume quite different from usual, being without powder or hoops. . . . My dress of white gauze was clasped with a golden band at the waist; on my breast I wore a golden sun, and on my head a long flowing veil, which enveloped me like a cloud. The princess told me very earnestly that, although such a dress was not decent at all, and that a woman would lose her reputation if she wore it on any other occasion, still she hoped that by the expression of my face and my demeanor I would make up the deficiency of my costume.

However odd the remark may strike one now, the princess's evident desire was gained: her niece was the object of universal admiration, and of something more from the fascinating duke. This is how she writes:—

My wishes have been fulfilled, how much fulfilled! . . . but will it not be too bold to write down that which I would

not dare to whisper to anybody—what I do not dare believe myself—what perhaps I only dreamed? Well, no! I did not dream, I am sure of that. . . . And then, is there anything extraordinary, since God has made me handsome, and every one acknowledges it, that the duke looked at me with the same eyes as other people? The same eyes? Was there not in his eyes something more than in others?

When presented to him she writes:—

I do not know at all how I bowed, but I fear it was not that special courtesy which the dancing-master taught me. Neither do I know what the duke said to me. I only remember that he opened the ball with the princess [her aunt] and danced the second polonaise with me.

From that moment onwards the royal lady-killer devotes himself to the Goddess of the Sun, inviting her for nearly every dance, and when at midnight the cannon fires he says to her, "I shall forever remember this night. It is not only the beginning of a new year, it is the beginning of a new life to me." She asks herself if this can be only courtly civility, but her unwise uncle tells her the next day that at the new year's reception the duke has declared to him "he never saw anybody like her," which feeds the spark being now rapidly blown into a flame.

And so this human comedy—which has more than the usual touch of tragedy in it—begins. The duke calls twice, sits by the young countess's embroidery frame, pursues successfully what is apparently the main object of his life—to fascinate women. Her aunt tells her that the last one he sees always seems to him the most beautiful; but it is to no purpose that she is warned. She does not wonder that the Empress Catherine of Russia was charmed with him—that he carries away all hearts wherever he goes. It seems to her natural; almost fitting, for she writes: "How good he must be! . . . He spoke about his mother with tears in his eyes. . . . Everything I ever heard of him is true; he is not praised even enough. One cannot well describe the charm of his voice, his

sweet smile, and the look of his blue eyes, so deep and soft!" She becomes despondent when she sees him dancing twice with the beautiful Madame Potocka, and only recovers her spirits when at a subsequent ball the duke dances only with herself.

The birth of a child to her sister, the starostine, is followed by a magnificent christening, at which the Duke of Courland and the Countess Françoise are the sponsors. She is much exercised beforehand to think what her "honored Parents" and all the good people at home, but especially Mathias, the court fool, will say when they read the duke's name and hers coupled together in the *Courier*. Her thoughts revert to the jester's predictions.

He is responsible for all my troubles; but for his hints no foolish notions would have entered my head. As it is, I do not feel two days alike. Sometimes . . . life seems full of hope, and I hardly know that there is an earth under my feet; then everything seems to fade suddenly, and my heart feels heavy. . . . For instance, to-day, when I was so enraptured at the news of the christening, the princess mentioned—I do not know why—that the law of the Church forbids the godparents to marry each other, and I shuddered.

At the ceremony she declares herself to have been very awkward. "I did not know how to hold the child, so the duke had to help me. It seemed so queer to stand with him before the altar surrounded by so many people, and to write down my name next to his in the large book." After which the duke becomes still more attentive and "a little more familiar." A great hunting party given by Prince Radzivil is described at length, when the four belles of Warsaw—the three others being the Countess Potocka, the Princess Saphieha, and Mademoiselle Wessel—are driven in a sleigh by the duke "in a hunting costume of green velvet, looking superb." The account of the large field, usually planted with wheat, covered with big pine-trees for the nonce, where the battue takes place, is curious. There is an iron kiosk

erected in the middle for the king, a space covered with bearskins for the most notable men, and an amphitheatre with an iron railing for the ladies. The hills round are crowned with spectators. At a signal of trumpets and horns, bears, deer, wild boars, and wolves are let loose, and chased by trained dogs toward the kiosk. The roaring of the wild beasts, the barking of dogs, and the shrieks of the ladies accompany the destruction of the game. The duke fights and kills a bear with a spear, and its skin is presented to Françoise.

In spite of all the admiration she meets, and the brilliancy of the carnival as it draws near its close, the entries in the girl's diary show she is ill at ease.

Thank God! it is over. I see one can grow tired even of entertainments. . . . At first such a life seems amusing, but by and by one feels disheartened, and I have never known such tedious hours as those I passed in the last fortnight. . . . How beautiful the Countess Potocka looked last night, dressed as the sultana. She was the queen of the ball, and danced the whole evening. . . . I hurt my foot, and refused all invitations. Towards the end the duke came to ask me to dance, but I did not care to dance then.

Poor child! One is touched by the frank tribute she pays to her rival's beauty, in spite of the wound to her own vanity. But this is only the beginning of her troubles; the wounds will be far deeper, far more difficult to heal, hereafter.

It is evident that her uncle, the Prince Woivode, knowing the duke's character, thinks she is in danger; but he is a weak man, who undoubtedly encourages his niece's royal suitor to a certain extent, yet, standing in awe of his wife, "shuns any confidence," and takes refuge in half-measures. His much stronger, and wiser, half, of whom Françoise is not nearly so fond, may say that the girl who would believe in the love of the duke must simply be mad—that his wife would be most unhappy; her words fall on inat-

tentive ears, or, at least, they are words that carry no conviction with them. The princess puts a sudden stop to her niece's dissipations, on the plea that they are injuring her health. In vain the duke pleads that the young countess shall be allowed to appear at a bal masqué; her aunt is obdurate. However, the duke visits her constantly, and

the hours spent in his company [she writes] are delightful. . . . How well he knows the bad affairs of our country. It is only through respect to his father that he does not dare speak of them openly. What a good king he would make! The princess says that . . . if he were elected king he would not even look at us. . . . I can see plainly that she is not in favor of him. She would rather see a Lubomirski on the throne.

Then, the carnival being over, she is sent to her sister's, at Sulgostow, for a fortnight, without the duke's knowledge; and if her uncle desired to stimulate the royal Lothario's passion, he could have adopted no better measure to that end. The duke comes to her the following day, after her return, looking pale and ill, and tells her that a friend "deserves better treatment." She is made happy at once, and a few days later, speaking of one of the royal princes entering the Church, she writes quaintly enough, "It is quite right that the king, having several sons, wishes to give one to the service of God, but it is as well that it was not the lot of the Duke of Courland."

At the end of Lent she goes into retreat with the princess for a week; and there are times when, under the influence of the good father confessor, she wants to leave the world, and become a sister of charity. But then, again, her devout thoughts are scattered on hearing that one of the duke's hunters has been seen passing the convent, "and I could not grasp them again," she adds pitifully. But her vanity is ministered to even in this retreat on Holy Thursday. She is appointed to make a collection for the poor, after mass, and

is decked out in white satin for the occasion, all the other women present being in black. The duke tells her it is fortunate she begs for money, not hearts, as every man would have to give his. "Who would value a heart begged for?" she replies, and the love-making is renewed with more vehemence on the duke's part than ever.

In April she is at Opole, the Wolvode's country-seat, where there is a large library, which the young countess is eager to explore, but of which the princess keeps the key. There are the works of M. de Voltaire, for which she sees her uncle pay six golden ducats; and a novel, fresh from Paris, which is all the rage, the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," written by a certain M. de Rousseau. "I took the book eagerly in my hand, but the author says in the introduction 'no mother will allow her daughter to read this'—and the princess most sternly forbade it to me." In other respects the excellent lady's ideas of propriety were less justified, and must have made people, even in that day, smile, when we read of her wrath at her niece's wish to learn to ride, and her declaration that such an exercise would be quite indecent for a young lady.

Prince Lubomirski, who lives hard by Opole, is the duke's intimate friend, and here, while the Wolvodes are staying with him, the duke arrives, to the princess's annoyance. Françoise, writing on May 16, says:—

He loves me! He loves me so much that he could stay no longer without seeing me. . . . How will it all end? Until now I feigned not to understand the hidden meaning of his words. I tried most carefully to conceal my feelings; shall I be able to do so any longer, especially here, where I shall see him so often? . . . I see before me either a destiny so grand that I am afraid to think of it, or so dark and miserable that I shiver.

On May 18 she writes that she is betrothed. She is in a transport of happiness, and describes the scene of the proposal, and how, in the presence of the two Princes Lubomirski, the duke said: "I take Heaven

and you for witnesses that I will never marry any other woman than the Countess Françoise Krasinska. For reasons easily understood I wish my decision kept secret until the time comes, and I am sure of your loyalty and discretion." They exchange rings, the duke having prepared one similar to that she has always worn, but with the words "For ever" engraved inside. "The trees and the birds were the only witnesses of that silent betrothal. But these rings were not consecrated; a father's hand had not given me away, nor a mother bestowed her blessing." One sees already that forebodings of the future weigh upon her. A courier arrives with the king's order that his son is to return at once. Possibly some hint or suspicion of the danger to which the duke is exposed has reached the minister Brühl, and he, who pulls all the wires, may have instigated the mandate. Then follow weeks of cruel trial to the poor fiancée, still almost a child in years, but already showing a strength of character remarkable at her age. She has said she will never write to her royal lover without the knowledge of her parents, but her promise renders their separation, when he returns to the court at Warsaw, doubly painful. At the same time her conscience reproaches her with not naming her engagement to her parents, or her aunt; but she has given the duke her word to reveal it to no one, and she keeps it.

In July he returns secretly, on his way to Courland, disguised as one of his own hunters, and implores her, "with tears in his eyes," to write to him; but she remains firm. "I will keep my word," she writes, "though God knows how much it costs." They are separated for three months—months which seem interminable to the sad girl, rendered sadder by a brilliant offer of marriage, which, to the dismay of the "honored Parents" and the wrath of her aunt, Françoise rejects. The princess's reproaches and innuendoes touching the duke are very hard to bear; still more so her mother's letter, who, in the spirit of the age when a question of parental authority is at stake, writes: "The Par-

ents who allow their daughter to leave their guidance cannot be very much surprised if she does not obey their wishes." Her sensitive conscience pricks her; her punishment has begun. "Could I have foreseen," she says, "that what I called the height of happiness could have thrown me into such a depth of misery!"

On October 20 they are together in Warsaw, and the duke extracts a promise from her that they shall be privately married on November 4—his birthday. That weak man—or wily old fox?—Prince Wołwode (for we cannot help suspecting him of having schemed all along to bring this about), pleads for his royal master. It is *Françoise* who stipulates that she must obtain the consent of her "honored Parents;" otherwise she would rather enter a convent. The girl's strength in resisting the duke, who at last submits, prepares one for her fortitude later on. The duke says her letter to her parents is too humble; she thinks his postscript "too royal." But on the 28th the consent arrives—"not such an affectionate blessing as they gave Basia, . . . and it is just, for I do not deserve it. . . . They promise to keep the secret until the duke releases them." She adds that there is an affectionate reproach in her dear mother's words, which pierces her to the heart. "If you are unhappy, you cannot ascribe your misfortunes to us; if you find felicity in your decision, for which I shall never stop praying the Lord, your parents will rejoice, but not as much as over their other children, for you have not allowed them to share in making your happiness." Before the marriage *Françoise* sees very little of the duke. "He fears to awaken the suspicion of the king, and still more that of Brühl; therefore he avoids me at receptions, and does not appear here as often. I feel so lonesome, with nobody to confide in, or ask for any advice."

It is impossible to exculpate the duke; read by the light of his subsequent conduct, one sees that his was a selfish passion, which did not shrink from sacrificing the girl's happiness to his ambitious dreams. But it is fair to re-

member that his father was in falling health; it was the king's ardent hope that his favorite son should succeed him on the throne of Poland, and his alliance with a royal house would have greatly strengthened his chances to this end. The announcement of his determination to marry the Countess *Françoise Krasinska* would have met a storm of opposition impossible to appease. To be married secretly, and conceal the fact from all the world, no matter at what cost to his wife, seemed the obvious course to the young man of pleasure.

At five o'clock in the morning of November 4 the Prince *Wołwode* knocks at her door. They go out stealthily, and meet the duke and Prince *Lubomirski* at the gate. It is quite dark, the wind blowing fiercely, and they walk to the church, to avoid the noise of a carriage.

I should have fallen several times if the duke had not supported me. The church was dark and silent as a grave . . . no living soul but the priest and sacristan. The ceremony did not last ten minutes, and then we hastened away as if pursued. . . . The duke brought us to the gate—no further. Now I am again in my room alone. Nobody is blessing or congratulating me, the whole house is asleep, and if it were not for the wedding ring, which I shall soon have to take off and hide, I could not believe that I am a married woman—that I am his forever.

The entries in the diary that follow are sad enough. *Françoise* is miserable, a prey to self-reproach, and with no one to confide in, the princess being still kept in ignorance of her niece's marriage. The interviews with her husband, contrived by Prince *Wołwode* are few and secret. In public he avoids her. But at last her aunt's suspicions are aroused. She detects the duke slipping a note into *Françoise's* work-basket, and seizes it. Believing the worst, "her wrath burst forth in the most dreadful and offensive words," and, stung by these, the girl falls on her knees, and confesses everything. The scene that ensues is curious and char-

acteristic. The irate lady, nothing soothed, compels her niece to rise, and begs to be pardoned for having often treated her with so little ceremony, and without all the respect due to her exalted rank. Nevertheless, she orders her out of the house! the pretext being that it "was not good enough for a duchess—perhaps the future queen of Poland!" And so the poor young bride is driven away from her uncle's to the refuge of her sister's home.

The return to Maleszow a little later, and the strange reception that awaits the warm-hearted girl, pining for affection and sympathy at the hands of her parents, are told with a simplicity that is touching. "My father bowed low to me, as if I were a stranger; even now he will not sit next to me, and gets up when I enter the room." Her mother brings in bundles of silks, laces, and jewels, and says timidly that she would have brought more, but nothing seems good enough. "When the marriage is announced to the world," she says, "my honored husband will sell a few villages, in order that our second daughter may receive an outfit in accordance with her high rank."

That announcement was not to be made for many a long year, and when the "honored Parents" were in their grave. On January 15, the king's minister Borek arrives, and, in a private interview, tells her that Brühl and he are informed of all that has happened, and regard the duke's marriage to her as a joke. A wedding without the knowledge of the parents, and not blessed by the parish priest, is void, and can be annulled without difficulty.

In the first moment [she writes] I believed his words, and felt doomed and helpless; but God had mercy on me, and suddenly my mind was cleared. . . . I felt sure that Prince Woivode would not have countenanced an illegal marriage. I was aware that upon my firmness in that moment depended the future of my whole life, and I replied . . . "It is wrong . . . to want to deceive a woman who is not yet eighteen years old; but I am not so ignorant as you imagine. . . . I know that our marriage is valid; it was consecrated by

the curate of my parish, before two witnesses, and with the consent of my parents. . . . Yes, there is divorce; but the signature of both parties is necessary for it . . . and neither prayers nor threats will obtain mine or the duke's."

Borek was confounded. He tried the following day again, and only succeeded in extracting a promise that, if the duke consented to a divorce, the young duchess would not refuse. "I gave that promise in writing: I am sure of my husband's faith and love."

Here ends the diary. The brave, devoted girl's confidence was not well placed, and years of trial followed, which broke her strength, and deprived her of any wish to write. Her parents died early, and she led a wandering life for several years, sometimes with her sister, sometimes with her aunt, sometimes in convents in Poland. One by one, the visions of a brilliant future, like the security of domestic happiness, melted away. Sensitive as she was, her love and her pride must alike have suffered deeply. Her husband's inconstancy, and the perpetual dread of the divorce which still impended over her, must have caused her acute agony. The duke returned to her occasionally, but their marriage was still kept secret, under the pretence of sparing his father the shock of the discovery, until the old king's death, and the election of Stanislaus Poniatowski to the throne of Poland destroyed the Duke of Courland's ambitious views, and removed the only pretext for not avowing his marriage. Then at last he wrote asking her forgiveness, and imploring her to come to him at Dresden, to be received there with all honor according to her rank. But though she had longed for this moment through many weary years, her self-respect was so wounded by his conduct, that it was not till more tender and urgent letters reached her that she acceded to her penitent husband's supplication, and joined him. From that time forward, the fevered troubled life seems to have become tranquil. All visions of royal splendor, all ambitious dreams were over; but Françoise passed her remaining years

in a happy home, secure, at last, in her husband's affection, and with one little daughter, their only child. Marie Christine promised to be as beautiful as her mother, whose portrait by Angelica Kauffman conveys an impression of unusual grace and charm. This child, who became Duchess of Savoy, was the mother of Charles Albert, and grandmother of Victor Emanuel, and of the Duke of Genoa. Thus Françoise was the great-great-grandmother of the present king and queen of Italy, who are cousins.

The writer of this curious diary did not live to be an old woman. She died in 1793; and her husband, as if to prove how strong and deep was his attachment, in spite of all his infidelities, survived her but a few months.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
ROBA NUOVA D'ITALIA.

Why *roba*? Because, as I have said before, *roba* is the most comprehensive of Italian terms. *Roba* means the stock in trade of every salesman, from pedlar to diamond merchant. It means artistic wares, archaeological, theological, political; worthless impedimenta, or the most precious securities. Poetry can be spoken of as *roba*; so can mud, dead bodies, and the gossip in one's budget. In this gentle tongue *roba andante* mercifully connotes cheap things. *My wares* shall be *roba di prezzo*, i.e., valuable, if not priceless.

AN ITALIAN COLONEL'S CONTRIBUTION.

When the colonel was in command of the regiment responsible for the tranquillity of a small penal station, he happened one day to be at the post-office when the mail train arrived. There were, amongst other travellers, a couple of convicts under guard—nothing remarkable in that neighborhood. For the colonel, the salient feature in his afternoon was the receipt of letters interesting to himself and to his officers; and he went to the mess, where all were brimful of the regimental concerns. In

the middle of dinner came an agitated messenger from the civil governor of the prison. "Did you see two convicts arrive, colonel?" gasped the man from the prison. "Did you notice them?"

"I saw that there were convicts," he answered. "Why should I 'notice' them? They are none so rare here!"

"Why notice them? Well, one of them is already dead!"

The man blurted out the announcement. He had counted upon creating something of a sensation, and was vexed at the colonel's nonchalance.

The newly arrived prisoner had been murdered. "What did it all mean?" we listeners asked the old soldier.

"Simply this: the convict had been known to go in danger of his life in his last prison, therefore he had been removed."

We asked with one voice, "Who killed him? How was it done?"

"One of our convicts there," said the laconic colonel. "He drove a nail into the new-comer's temple," he explained, after a moment.

"But why?"

"He had told tales."

"Not against anybody in his new quarters, surely?"

"Did you never hear of the Camorra? A warder in the distant prison wrote to a warder in our prison by the post that had brought us our letters. No doubt there was a note enclosed from a prisoner down there to one of our convicts."

Italians and foreigners alike gasped in astonishment. The colonel vouchsafed:—

"Warders are very poor men. Every man has his price. (Some German statesman called Orazio Walpole said so.) The Camorra is rich."

"And did the matter rest there?" I inquired.

"Oh, the warders were examined—reprimanded—in a general way. Nothing could be brought home to anybody. But it's all so simple! Somebody away there was punished for breach of rules—talking, perhaps. He belonged to the Mafia or the Camorra. A member of the same society—whatever it was

—revenged the injury (as by oath bound to do) by sending to say that that man had told tales, passing to some fellow at the galleys at our elbow the signal that none dare disobey. The two warders through whom the letter went had something for their trouble." He added: "Afterwards all the warders were changed—transferred to other prisons."

"Did you get a better set of men?" some one asked.

"Devil a bit! Warders are badly paid" (with ineffable scorn), "and what is a poor man's price to one of those secret societies?"

The colonel told the story at table d'hôte. I heard him tell it twice. His laconism was chiefly due to his disgust at his listeners' obtuseness. They required too many explanations!

He never hinted that he talked confidentially; on the contrary, he shouted for the benefit of the whole dining-room, the loungers in the garden, the people up-stairs, and the piazza outside the hotel.

The colonel recalled with indignation how one day the convicts were on the verge of mutiny about the quality of the bread served out to them. "It was precisely the same bread that was baked for my soldiers!" he vociferated. "The civil governor sent for me. He said an outbreak was imminent."

"What did you do?" cried two or three voices.

"I broke up the gangs."

This statement carried small enlightenment.

"Separated comrades, the whole way through the prison," the colonel condescended to explain.

It appears there are prisoners in a settlement who have never heard each other's voices, who don't know each other's patois, who would hardly recognize each other if they met in the wide world outside those walls. Such strangers the colonel called out one by one in the prison-yard. Then he had them chained in couples—chained to each other hand and foot. When the convicts saw what was being done,

some of them made a slight show of resistance. "Then," said the colonel, "I said to the company of the regiment that I had brought down with me, 'Ready!—Present!' We manacled all our fine gentlemen. That was the discipline I ordered them. And *three months of it!* They *hate* it. The one who wants to sit is chained to the one who wants to stand. No two are ever of one mind. And the lazy one can give the other his own half of the chains' weight to carry—double share where one is enough. Yes, it *is* slavery; but why did they threaten to mutiny?"

In private life the colonel is a very kind-hearted man. Who would think it to hear his prison stories?

There was a man taking care of the civil governor's horses, and through him alone was it possible to get carob beans. Now, the colonel thought his charger thrived best when he had carube. He made friends with the convict who acted as the governor's stableman by giving him occasional cigars. The colonel believes in intuitive physiognomy; he thinks himself a first-rate judge of human character. The stableman had a fine countenance.

"How do you come to be here?" he asked the open-faced, handsome youth.

"I was tried for murder and convicted," said the stableman.

"How was that?"

"It happened like this. I was in a stable asleep. A man was stabbed there. When the police were called they awoke me, and as they found no one else they said I must have done the deed. A Cammorrist let me know that the man was murdered by order of the society, and that I should be murdered too unless I held my tongue. And so I should have been, to be sure!"

"Well, would it not be better to be dead than to be *here*?" the colonel asked him.

"Yes, if I were alone," answered the stableman; "but there's my old mother. As long as I'm alive, she has hope; and *she knows* I'd never murder a man. If the Cammorrists knifed me, she'd die too."

The colonel asked the civil governor if his stableman was as "good as he looked." The governor said, "An excellent fellow; never a complaint against him from any quarter."

The colonel inquired, "Is he anything of a romancer? May a man believe his word?"

"Oh, yes! So far as I can tell, he's as open as the day," the governor declared. "I chose him to serve me because he's an exceptional character."

That was the only touching story the colonel ever told us.

He holds the abolition of capital punishment to have been the greatest folly perpetrated in Italy in the memory of man.

"They all think the prison doors will be broken some fine day. Only to live, to be in the sunshine, is pleasure, in Italy. Death is all that malefactors dread much."

I ought to add, in justice to the shouting colonel, that his carob-beans transactions prejudiced no one. The governor knew all about the matter, and sanctioned it.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S CONTRIBUTION.

My dinner neighbor to-day had the lightest flaxen hair extant. French people call it "hair of the fairness of ashes"—wood-ashes of course. The lady is no longer young; years ago, perhaps, there was a yellow tinge in her locks; but they are still abundant, and she wears them heaped above her head, like Miss Emery in the part of "Miss Linley," or like a Louis XV. marquise. My neighbor has very marked features, and must be nearly six feet high. She is, alas, stout—very stout! Her appearance should be borne in mind, or the story loses point.

"Don't know Monsumana? Really, now!" she said. "Most remarkable place! If you are rheumatic, you should go there. Baths? Oh, yes! But you see no water in them. You hear it trickle."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Oh, dear me; I forgot to explain. You don't know how they were discovered? Surprising! Some quarry-

men lost their stiffness while working in the caves. One a martyr to gout, I think they told me; and eighty! Well, now that you say so, perhaps eighty would be rather old for a quarryman. But *enormously* old, don't you know, and *quite* stiff. Then a lot of the country people tried it, and got better; and they started the bath establishment."

"Without baths, apparently," I put in.

"Baths without water, rather," my handsome neighbor corrected. "*Vapor* baths. You've heard of vapor baths? Oh, yes; the caves are positively thick with steam. Monsumana is in Tuscany, I fancy; but I'm never sure of my provinces in Italy. You branch off at Pistoja."

"But if I am not rheumatic?"

"Ah, the baths are good for gout—for ever so many things! And they're so peculiar! I think if journalists would go, some things would be reformed, don't you know."

"They brought Aunt Sabina a red flannel shirt to wear," cried a mischievous young urchin from the opposite side of the table. His mother and sister tried to suppress him; Aunt Sabina reddened greatly; and I pretended not to have heard the observation.

The lady continued to urge me to "try Monsumana."

"You really ought to tell the facts, Sabina," urged the "terrible child's" mother, "in the interests, my dear, of rheumatic sufferers." But my neighbor was obdurate. I had to piece together the admissions of the whole family, gathered later in the evening, before I discovered exactly *what* happened to spoil the Monsumana "cure" for Aunt Sabina.

The bath-doctor had pronounced her a fit subject for the treatment, and dismissed his patient with—"The bathing-woman will bring you your dress in the early morning, and tell you how to proceed."

The attendant duly came, bearing the garment that Garibaldi has made historic; wooden shoes, "because the passages are wet" (the shoes were found quite unmanageable by my tall and portly acquaintance. She begged to be

allowed stockings to soften the appearance of her extremities, but the bathing-woman said "it would be as much as her place was worth," etc.); a woollen sash; something like a hairdresser's *peignoir* in flimsy cotton print, and a little blanket or shawl, which the bather declined to put over her head. ("Her hair was done up like always," said the irreverent little nephew.) "Take the shawl, then, for your knees," said the bath-woman.

Aunt Sabina put a dressing-gown over her red flannel shirt, and an ulster over the dressing-gown; and, as a favor, she was allowed to wear long boots of her own while she and the attendant were traversing the interminable corridors of the *stabilimento*. In the passages leading from the building to the caves the bathing-woman insisted upon *zoccoli*, or *sabots*; and the visitor stumbled along on wooden soles, fastened on the foot by a band of coarse webbing. The journey seemed never-ending. Their way was dark but for the light of the attendant's lamp and a rare oil wick flickering on a bracket against the glistening wet walls. At last, at the far end of a long vista, there was a sort of blurred illumination. "Yes, yes," said the woman, "we're almost at the bath now. You'll have to give me your dressing-gown and mantle." Reluctantly the stout lady parted with her wraps, on finding that argument in feeble Italian was utterly useless. She tottered farther towards the light, and stood at the mouth of a cave dense with vapor; but two torches in the middle showed dimly a sort of ottoman and other seats. With horror, and only after her eyes had grown accustomed to the strange light, Aunt Sabina descried bald heads belonging to the occupants of the central sofa!

"But why should you object?" pleaded the attendant. "They are all gentlemen staying at your hotel; and the ladies' bath has no light in it, because it is so late in the season."

"Where is the ladies' bath?" cried the Englishwoman, rushing into the dark, in spite of her wooden shoes.

"I could not leave you alone there, indeed, signora," said the woman.

When she knew she was invisible in a niche of the passage, Aunt Sabina gasped: "Leave me here, then, while you light up the other bath." And there she remained "an eternity," as she described it, while the bathing-woman journeyed back to the hotel to fetch a torch.

"Knowing that her hair and her height would make them recognize her," laughed the urchin, "she never dared show in the hotel after that. Jolly good job, too! We all came away. Beastly place, Monsumana—at least, for Englishmen!"

When she said good-night, my handsome dinner neighbor stopped a moment again to recommend me to go to Monsumana; she thought I'd like it, and "I'm sure," she said plaintively, "I should be quite well if I could only make a 'cure' there. As it is—" She exhibited a decidedly gouty-looking hand.

A CONTADINA'S CONTRIBUTION TO MY BUDGET.

Vittoria is eighty. She lives alone at Sant' Antonio, and takes care of the little patches of the valley that are her property, and of her two cows. All the neighbors have certain rights of commonage. Vittoria's scraps of land would not produce hay for her beasts, even if she did not need them for barley and potatoes; so she climbs the mountain with a basket on her back, or descends into the ravine to gather *fieno*—the grass which she dries in her deep balconies. She must "go in peril of death," she says, in a scarce year like this, "to find *fieno*." This is no exaggeration. She mounts three thousand feet in the Alps, by paths that an English goat would scarcely have the courage to face; and then, with one hundred pounds weight on her old shoulders, she comes back to her chalet. The descent takes four hours. She says she has fallen ill of the mere fatigue of it sometimes; but if you give her a helping hand (or rather, shoulder) with her load,

she grows bright and cheery, and confesses that she has "really nothing the matter with" her; it is "only the effect of the years. Eighty is pretty old; isn't it?" And I tell her that years don't make age; that I know a Grand Old Man in England who is older (counting by mere time) than she, yet younger than almost any one in the world in feeling and energy. Vittoria asks questions, and is much interested, and says, when I put the *gierlo* back on her shoulders, "Thank you kindly; I will pray for him—for you too!"

Sometimes—and this is far better—Vittoria is the talker, and I listen.

She says she has "seen so many things, and they pass away like dreams. Do you dream at night? Well, in the morning it seems all vivid—non è ver?—all vivid, yet it is nothing—nothing at all! And I look back and think of the things that happened all this long time; and—would you believe it, now?—they're no more real than my dreams. We shall *awake*, I think, when we die. Then we shall know how this life is really all dreaming."

A constant theme of hers is "whether we like it or whether we don't like it, we'll die, my dear." And once she got farther: "I said to my good mother, oh, so long ago, when I was a strong, young thing: 'We'll get one day to the other world, mother; what shall we find there?' And she told me, 'What you've done, that you'll find, child. Who *does* good finds good—here and *there* too!'"

Sometimes she talks Wordsworth, sometimes the Psalms. But I spoil her, translating her.

VALLE VOGNA.

Leaving Casa Janzo, in mid-September, for an eight days' journey with mules, in the too-little-known region south of Monte Rosa, we met the first of the herds coming down from their high grazing grounds, two or three weeks before their proper time. The dry summer had fairly starved them out. They had become truly lean kine. Cheeses were few this year, and though their quality is particularly fine, this will be a hungry winter for most folk in these valleys, where there was one

hay-crop instead of two; small yield of potatoes; chestnuts a failure in the neighboring Val-Sesia; and this terrible grass-famine in the upper regions!

I had seen the last of the herds going to the Alps (pastures) two months before. Besides cattle and flocks of sheep and goats, there is the *pastore*, and about half his family—say, a daughter, with a churn on her back, and two lads, helping assiduously to keep the beasts in the right way. A sheep-dog, of course, is also on duty. A donkey carries the whole stores and furniture of the family in panniers and saddlebags—briefly, bedding and Indian meal. This load is crowned by a huge iron pot for *polenta*-making. The lads have other big, sooty-looking pans, like funeral drums, protruding from their scapular bones. In these, goats' milk is scalded, to make a local delicacy, *mascarpa* (a cheese). They leave no goods in the chalet they quit in the autumn. Lucky family, to be able to start for a three months' visit with so little luggage! A snail with his shell is hardly more independent.

Bound for Gressoney, via Val Dobbio, our first two hours' ride lay by the side of the rushing Vogna. The air was pure and pellucid. The whole valley was bare to the eye with the clearness belonging to high altitudes. The upper ranges, we knew, were still alive with cattle, sheep, and goats; but it is rare to see them from below. Out of the upper silence came, now and then, the musical cry of these valleys, the descending, long-drawn notes, *do, la; sol, fa* (half beats); followed by a long *fa* and lower *do*; with its answer, like an echo, from a neighboring alp.



We saw a few of the industrious owners of the soil tilling their steep patches. Women are the farmers here. The men spend three-quarters of the year in France; for the Valle Vogna is not rich enough to support all her children at home. On the mountain-side agricultural implements have no use.

It is hand-husbandry here, and of the most careful. I am in love with antique methods when I see the hempstalks drawn out one by one, tied in sheaves, and carried off in bundles eight or ten feet long, on top of the indispensable *gierlo*, or shoulder-basket. The other stalks are gathered as, in their turn, they ripen. These costumed, dainty-looking little farmers exercise a wise discretion in all they do, going about their tasks as adroitly as gracefully. Tiny corn-patches also ripen unevenly, and the women set to work with an intelligent sickle, clearing off a yellow square yard here and a golden corner there. They thresh with the old-world flail, in their brown wooden balconies, when the weather is too bad for field-work.

One of them said to me: "Our hemp is very interesting—very much our own! We sow it, tend it, harvest it, save the seed of it, beat it, soak it, and spin it into yarns. The best weaver weaves it. My aunt is clever. She weaves for us all. Then we wear this year in our *camice*, last year's crop of hemp."

These *camice* are chemisettes, which, with their ample white sleeves and peculiar needlepoint insertions and edging, are the prettiest feature in the local dress.

In the *gierli* they pile mountainous loads of hay or green leaves for the cattle. Long planks from the sawmills are a common load; one hundred pound packages of wood in short lengths, for the cooper in Riva, are always being carried down the valley—a heavy load for so steep and rugged a path. A cradle with a baby in it crowns many a *gierlo*. I have seen spring mattresses, wooden bedsteads, huge travelling trunks, a prodigious load of cheeses, a calf, and even a young tourist so carried.

Leaves of a sort of ash are accounted here a valuable fodder. They form a heavy load (being green and juicy) when piled on the shoulders of a girl. One of the valley's characteristic sights is a *contadina* aloft in a tall ash-tree, stripping it to the last leaf on its highest twig.

Meadows are mostly too steep for mowing with anything bigger than a sickle, but these indefatigable little women also ply the scythe where there is a patch of even ground.

One day I was plying an old portress, staggering under her shoulder-basket. She said, "But don't they carry loads this same way in your country?" I said not. "Then how on earth do they carry things?" she asked. "In the hands," I answered, forgetting about barrows and hand-carts. "In the hands? Dio mio! What slavery!" she exclaimed.

Most strangers coming here deplore the *contadina's* hard work; but I must say I rejoice when I see women toiling. Perhaps this comes from my having been some time in parts where women had not the worth of a beast of burden in their master's eyes. If we toil, we are valuable. Besides, there is an enjoyment, for man or woman, in putting out the full strength.

Haymaking is complicated (for outsiders) by the facts that there are no fences and that the ownership is various. I helped some girls one day, but it was: "Oh, you may not rake in that swathe! It belongs to Giovanni!" and "Ah, you have given our hay to that woman downfield!" If there were any landmarks, it took a trained eye to see them. My blunders sent me from one to another of the peasant proprietors apologizing humbly.

It was curious to watch the final carrying of the hay. A *gierlo* was stuffed with the fragrant crop, and then a whole "wind-row," or two or three "wind-rows," were raked towards the basket, piled upon it, and the whole was drawn together with ropes. At these ropes two pretty sisters tugged and dragged, and before the *gierlo* was tight-packed one or both always slipped, and lay flat, gently laughing, on the hillside. The *gierlo* when full was, perhaps, three times the weight of the bearer, and at least four times her size.

How courteous these haymakers were! They moved about their tasks as the fair ladies of old walked through the graceful minuet. I could not rival them in light adroitness, so their good man-

ners found something to praise in my brute strength, and in the speed with which I worked. There were never politer people than the peasantry of the Italian Alps.

Valvognian farming strikes the stranger as being like gardening—the careful tending of small beds and single plants. The contadine find time also for a little flower culture. Poppies, lupins, larkspurs, flox, stocks, geraniums, sunflowers, all kinds of chrysanthemums, marigolds, carnations, and many other blossoms, are here brighter in color, handsomer, sweeter scented, than ever they grow north of the Alps.

The contadine make great friends with their cows, and the little beasts are responsive. Each has her name. I know a "Spain," "Italia," "Sardinia," and "France" among the cattle. "Bianca," "Bella," "Bellina," are common names. As they are driven out to pasture, and constantly guarded, they become real pets. When addressed by name, and adjured to "come here" (off the neighbor's land), to "go there" (up steps to a scrap of grazing-ground on a little rocky table, or, harder still, down steps into their stable), "not to steal the beans," "not to tread down the winter oats," they understand and obey. In the cold weather, part of the story devoted to the cows is separated from the rest by a wooden settle, a railing, or a row of chairs; and this partitioned portion becomes the living-room of the family. The cooking-stove is there, "for," said a contadina, "a fire, in any case, there must be *for the cow* in the hard weather;" and it is evidently felt that the cattle are wholesome, warm, agreeable neighbors—company of which to be fond and proud.

An eight-year-old boy, taking his pleasure in the Valle Vogna, had caught the local feeling regarding the kine, for when leaving Casa Janzo he went up to each of the cows belonging to the hotel-keeper, and said, kissing good-bye to them, one by one: "To-day I am going away, Valsesia! To-day I am going away, Rosa!"—and so on through the whole file of dairy cattle.

CLARE SOREL STRONG.

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HOW TO SEE THE ZOO.

From the early days when George IV. presented his wild animals at Windsor Castle and the Tower to the new Zoological Gardens, the menagerie in Regent's Park has aimed at being something more than a collection of live specimens kept for the benefit of the learned society whose headquarters are in Hanover Square. The original founders of the Zoo—men like Sir Stamford Raffles and Sir Humphry Davy—believed that by importing wild species and showing them to the public they could encourage serious efforts at acclimatization. To-day natural history is valued for its own sake; and the society endeavors to exhibit its collections in the most attractive form, and with a degree of public spirit which justifies its claim to be a national institution. On the other hand, the growth of the menagerie, which now usually contains some twenty-five hundred creatures, and covers thirty-one acres of ground, makes the question of how to see the Zoo less easy to answer than when the grounds were confined to one corner of Regent's Park. The Middle Garden, cut off from this by the road, and the North Garden, divided from the Middle Garden by the canal crossed only by a single bridge at one end, are isolated by artificial barriers, and can only be explored separately, and without reference to the contents of the large Southern Garden.

Those who have a definite object in visiting the Zoo can usually obtain the necessary information at the entrance. The "location" of any new specimens is always known to the gate-keepers, and a reference to the plan in the guide-book shows the way. But the pleasantest form of a visit to the Zoo is to wander at large, equipped with adequate knowledge of its geography, and to use it like a big library on a wet day, for sipping and tasting, glancing at all that is attractive and leaving out the dull volumes.

There is a small side gate leading from the Broad Walk straight into the gardens near the south corner. This is

within two minutes' walk of the lion-house, the cattle sheds, the reptile-house, the seals, wolves, and many of the deer, and the visitor gets among objects of interest without preface or waste of time. If he turn to the left on entering, he finds himself at once in contact with one of the earliest successes of the Gardens, the pheasantries, and a few yards beyond is the latest and best innovation, the new reptile-house. The left of the path is lined with Himalayan and Chinese pheasants, beautiful in themselves, and specially interesting to members of the Zoological Society. The ringed pheasants were acclimatized in 1855, and are now the dominant species in English preserves; and a far larger and more beautiful species, Reeve's pheasant, is breeding in the North, in numbers sufficient for it to be shot like an ordinary game-bird. The first specimens of the Indian species, such as the Amherst pheasant, Monaul, and Impeyan pheasant, were brought from India by the Society in 1855, most of them being forwarded by the Resident at Darjeeling. In the next year a further consignment, including Cheer pheasants, Impeyan pheasants, and three varieties of the Kaleege pheasant, were imported, and the Impeyans and purple Kaleeges laid eggs as soon as they arrived, and hatched their broods in September. Lord Canning was preparing to send a much larger collection over when the Indian Mutiny broke out and gave the governor-general something else to think about. But those at the Zoo increased and multiplied, and became the ancestors of the present European stock, now found in most aviaries and pheasantries, both in scientific collections and at large country houses. The reptile-house, which adjoins the pheantry, is perhaps the most continuously interesting of all the departments of the menagerie. Perpetual summer reigns there, for the temperature must be maintained at a constant heat both in summer and winter, and as it is solidly built of brick, there is little difficulty in doing this, even in the hardest frosts. The construction and arrangement of

the glass cages are also modern and good, and the snakes can be seen to the best advantage both in movement and repose. The larger snakes and lizards are among the most long-lived animals in the Zoo; consequently, the process of change of occupants which is constantly upsetting the calculations of the visitor to some of the houses in the Gardens takes place very slowly, and it is possible to write with confidence not only of what may be seen to-day in the reptile-house, but of what will probably be its population for some time to come. The venomous snakes will always be found at the top of the room, to the left as the visitor enters. Their cages are of special construction, the doors in the iron shutter at the back being placed high up, so that food may be introduced without danger to the keepers, while the doors of the other compartments are on the ground level. Four of these cages are of special interest, containing what are by common consent the most deadly and the most dreaded creatures in the animal creation—the puff-adder, the king cobra, the common Indian cobra, and the rattlesnake. The puff-adder of South Africa is the most repulsive in appearance of all the snakes. One of those in the collection is perhaps the largest ever seen in Europe. Its body is swollen and flattened, of uniform thickness till within a few inches of the end of the tail, which tapers off suddenly to a blunt point. The head is flat, as if it had been crushed, and, though wholly undisturbed in its glass and iron cage, it has a habit of covering its body with dust and shingle, in which it lies absolutely motionless. This state of sluggish repose is the normal condition of this snake. Confident in its powers of offence, it does not move even when it sees man approaching, and its invisibility constitutes one of its chief dangers. The rattlesnakes and cobras are far more interesting from the spectator's point of view. Of the former there are said to be two species in North America, and a third in Guiana and Brazil. Those in the Zoo are of the larger North American species, and

though not of the greatest size—Catesby says that in Carolina he saw one nearly eight feet long—they are far thicker and heavier for their length than the cobras. It is as well to ask the keeper to go behind the cages and disturb these snakes, in order to hear the "rattle." This sound has no exact counterpart in nature, and when once heard, even at the Zoo, is never forgotten. The snakes do not move readily, but if poked up by the keeper's rod they crawl out of reach, and it will be noticed that the end of the tail is slightly raised. The thick glass front deadens any slight noise, such as the shifting of the shingle or the opening of the doors behind, but insensibly there falls on the ear a sound like the rush of water in a hydraulic pipe, or the rattle of a bag of shot poured out upon a dish. The vibrations of the sound are extremely rapid, and it is not in the least apparent that it proceeds from the snake. Those who hear it often look back into the room to localize the sound, and it is not till the eye is fixed on the end of the snake's tail that the source of the rushing noise is seen. The whitey-grey rattle is in intensely rapid motion, not waving to and fro, but quivering as if galvanized. The rattle seems an involuntary accompaniment of anger or agitation on the part of the snake—like the flush of anger on some human faces—and goes on for some time after the disturbing cause has been removed. The way in which this sound gets on the nerves of American explorers was curiously illustrated some years ago at the Zoo. Mr. Anderson, the celebrated traveller and hunter, was sitting with Mr. Bartlett discussing some recent adventures among big game, when a parrot, which was sitting unnoticed in a cage at the back of the room, suddenly woke up, and shook its feathers, as a sleepy parrot does on awakening. No sooner did the sharp rustling sound, coming from behind, fall on the explorer's ear than, with the instinct bred of camp life on the prairies, he sprang up, and away from the noise. "What is the matter?" asked his host. "Oh, it is only your bird, I see," replied the traveller;

"I thought for a moment it was a rattle-snake."

The cobras are almost as beautiful—Medusa's head was beautiful in its way—as the puff-adders are hideous. The Indian cobras vary much in tint. The Hindoos say that the light-colored cobras are "high-caste" snakes. Some of those at the Zoo must be very "high caste," for when they are irritated, and coil, spread their hoods, and prepare to strike, the hood is almost white, and the "spectacle" mark a bright mauve. The writer has seen three of these snakes, all erect at the same time and striking at the keeper's rod. The blow is delivered downwards, like the peck of some long-necked bird. Cobra tradition, as we now hear it, is so entirely derived from Indian sources that it is sometimes forgotten that they are also common in Africa. There are South African cobras at the Zoo, as well as Cleopatra's asp, which is a miniature cobra, and can expend its hood like the Indian species. The "asps," or horned cerastes, are kept in small glass boxes on the stands to the left of the entrance to the snake-house, and mimic exactly the color of the sand on which they lie. The danger from venomous snakes—mainly the different species of cobra in North Africa—seems to have presented the same difficulty to the Romans, when they occupied these once populous provinces, as it does now to the government of India. Lucan, in the "Pharsalia," says that when the army of Cato was encamped in Africa, in the final struggle with Caesar after the murder of Pompey, the deaths from poisonous snakes caused much discouragement among the troops. The aid of a native race, called the Psylli, who were professional snake-charmers, was called in to protect the legionaries. They marched round the camp chanting mystic songs, and then ordered fires to be lighted at night round the lines. When the men were bitten they used charms, but also sucked the wounds and anointed them with saliva. They themselves were proof against snake-bite, a fact which is now believed to be true of several of these "snake-healing"

tribes, who swallow the poison, and obtain protection by internal inoculation. It would be interesting to know whether the descendants of the Psylli are still living near Tunis, for the snakes themselves have survived in numbers. The tribe had clearly existed from the days of Moses and the Pharaoh of the Exodus till those of Caesar, and was well known to Pliny, Celsus, and Lucan.

The great "king cobra," in the cage next to the puff-adder, lives entirely on snakes caught for it in England. The greater number come from Hampshire, where they are captured by the last of the English snake-charmers, "Brusher" Mills, the adder-catcher of the New Forest, for whom the advent of the king cobra at the Zoo has opened up a profitable market for the disposal of the common snakes, which he catches when adder-hunting.

The boas, pythons, and harmless snakes occupy the whole length of the wall opposite the entrance. Apart from their size, and the interesting fact that one of the boas ate his companion a year ago, there are two points of exceptional interest to be noted in a visit to these snakes—the extreme beauty of the coloring of the boas and pythons when they have newly shed their skin, and the method of movement of the great snakes when climbing. Neither admits of adequate description in words; but inquiry should always be made of the keepers whether any specimen has newly shed its skin; and if a boa has a fit of tree-climbing—the pythons are less addicted to this exercise—it is perhaps better worth observing than any sight in the Zoo except the submarine flight of the diving birds.

The snakes are never fed in public; but many of the lizards, large and small, and the manatee in the tank, should be observed when at meals. The keepers are usually willing to show a sensible visitor the cameleons catching a fly, or the big monitor lizard swallowing an egg, and neither is a sight to be missed. Another creature, a large water-turtle known as Temminck's Snapper, is most interesting *before* its meals. When it

feels hungry it opens its mouth. From the muddy-colored tongue little projections like leeches or mud-worms project and wave about, as an inducement to small fish to swim into its jaws in the hopes of a meal. This natural fish-trap is the most complete equipment for getting an easy living possessed by any animal, and is lazier than even the methods of the Mussulman paradise, where the trees grow with the tops downwards that "true believers" may not have the trouble of climbing them to pick the fruit.

The reptile-house is as well worth a separate visit at our Zoo as is the aquarium at that of Amsterdam. The above notes by no means cover its attractions; the smaller snakes, the iguanas, the heloderm or poisonous lizard, the Surinam toads with egg-hatching apparatus on their backs, and the collection of tropical frogs of astonishing forms and colors, from the toad of La Plata, which looks like a lump of mud covered with duckweed, eats live birds, and is said to poison horses by its bite, to the tiny green tree-frogs, are in many respects as interesting as the poisonous snakes or the giant constrictors.

Close to the reptile-house are the lion-house, the cattle sheds, the wolves and foxes' cages, and further along the southern boundary the sea-lion and seals, the sea-gulls' pond, and the "piggery," the home of the wild boars, whom the writer never willingly misses seeing and presenting with some food. In visiting the cattle sheds, it is as well to ask Waterman, the keeper of the cattle, what young animals are in the stables, behind the main line of stalls and yards. Recently the interesting experiments in hybridizing wild cattle, which marked the early days of the Zoo, have been renewed, and a curious cross between the bull yak and zebu cow obtained. It was a shaggy black creature, in which the yak features and fur predominated. Young yaks, which sell for 30*l.* apiece, trotting oxen, young buffalos, and other wild cattle may generally be seen in the beautifully clean stalls, piled with clover hay and

strewn with fine sawdust. The pure-bred Chartley bull was killed by Lord Ferrers's orders, but his descendants, bred from the wild white cattle of Bangor, are always to be seen at close quarters in the inner stable. The bull, which would take a first prize at any show, is not so mild as he looks. Last winter he attacked his keeper when he was in the yard, jumping "all-fours off," and then charging him. Though he nimbly climbed the railings, he was helped over the last foot or so by the bull's broad muzzle. Seen in this way the cattle sheds remind one of some Norfolk stock farm, with wild creatures in place of shorthorns and Jerseys. Waterman is an ideally good stock-keeper, and not only manages all his varied cattle—buffalo, bison, gayals, yaks, and hybrids—with great skill and sympathy, but also has much interesting information as to their tempers, habits, and suitability for domestication. The great loss in this part of the collection is the death of the giant aurochs, the European bison, which has not yet been replaced. He was a primeval giant, far larger than the American bull bison which survived him. Those who desire to see the latter with his "buffalo robe" on must go in the winter. In summer the back and sides are nearly bare of fur, and the mane thin and shabby.

The lion-house is so well arranged for the exhibition of its inmates that there are almost no difficulties in the way of observing them, but on the rare occasions on which any of the *Felidae* have cubs at the Zoo, they are very jealous of visitors and nearly always make the cubs stay in the sleeping den until the Gardens are closed. The old puma who had a family last year used to do this, only bringing the cubs out to play and climb after closing time. If permission can be had to go into the passage behind the cages, the cubs may then be seen through the peephole in the shutter behind, lying at a distance of a few feet. The cubs do not know they are being watched, and behave like kittens in a basket. Those who have time should sit and watch the movements and at-

titudes of the lions when out in their summer cages. They constantly assume poses grander than any that sculptors have yet attributed to them. The writer has seen Mr. Gambier Bolton, F.R.S., the celebrated photographer of wild animals, sitting there by the hour, with his camera beside him, to photograph each new and characteristic attitude. To watch Mr. Gambier Bolton is to learn how to see the Zoo from another point of view than that common to ordinary or even scientific visitors. He is concerned, not with the habits, but with the form, appearance, and attitudes of animals. He has studied them in captivity in every Zoo in Europe and America, and after visiting their haunts when wild in India and the Straits Settlements, has now departed for Central Africa, armed with his camera, for a like purpose. In photographing the Zoo lions Mr. Bolton steps lightly on to the iron rail which surrounds the outdoor cages, holds the camera under his right arm, and raises the left hand, at the same time making a slight "chirp," which seems to interest the ears of any one of the *Felidae*, and to make them look animated. Before concluding this brief notice of how a crack photographer sees the Zoo, it is worth mentioning that it is as well to measure the reach of a tiger's claws before putting one's head under the camera-curtain. Mr. Gambier Bolton has one of these, rather a smart plush curtain, lined with silk, with a hole through it. The puncture is neatly inked round on the inner side, and marked "Tiger's claw, San Francisco." The tiger reached out between the bars, and struck his claw through, about two inches from Mr. Bolton's forehead.

Not being a photographer, the writer generally amuses himself by experiments on cats, large and small, with lavender water spilt on cotton wool. Some of the lions and leopards are certain to show the greatest delight in the scent. On the last occasion on which the writer tried the experiment, he was accompanied by a venerable prelate of the Church of England, not less accomplished as a naturalist and in the

knowledge of outdoor life than as a scholar and divine. He had some misgivings that when the occupants of the lion-house were particularly wanted to show an interest in the scent, they might refuse to do so. But though it was only half an hour before feeding time, and they had had no food since four o'clock on the previous day, the jaguars, lions, and leopards showed the greatest pleasure in the perfume.

The Society's collection of foxes, wolves, and wild dogs has for some time been below the standard desirable in such a "doggy" country as England. The cages, which are close to the lion-house, along the southern boundary of the Gardens, are too small to give the animals much room for exercise, and except an occasional litter of young dingos or Esquimaux dogs there are none of those delightful litters of young wolves and foxes which are so attractive to the public at some foreign zoological gardens. At the Hague, for instance, there was in the present spring a litter of eight young wolves, whose mother, rather thin from looking after such a family, was like a living replica of the bronze she-wolf of the Capitol. On the other hand, there are in the cages at the present time the survivors of Lieutenant Peary's Esquimaux dogs, fine black-and-white collie-like animals; and the color changes in the Arctic foxes are always worth observing.

The fashion of going to see the lions fed forms no part of the writer's conception of "How to see the Zoo." All the cats look their worst when hunched up or sprawling on their bellies, gnawing bones, with their sharp canine teeth—meant for cutting flesh, and not gnawing—constantly in their way. On the other hand, nearly every other animal looks its best when at meals, from the quiet ruminants enjoying their hay to the seal, sea-lions, pelicans, and diving birds. The sea-lion's exhibition of catching fish thrown to him is artificial, but most creditable to his power of eye. The writer has seen Dutch cranes catching nuts, but not with such perfect coolness and skill as that shown by the sea-

lion in catching his fish in the air. It would be much more satisfactory if the seals, whose ponds are near that of the sea-lion, could have a glass-faced tank to catch live fish in, like that constructed for the diving birds. Their wonderful, smooth, rapid movements in the water could then be admired and better understood. Recently the writer saw the seal being made an involuntary assistant in scrubbing out its own tank. The water was three parts let out, and the keeper then threw it fish. The seal floundering about in the shallow water served the purposes of a mop, and washed the sides of the tank fairly clean of algæ and mud. Just beyond the seal-ponds, on the way to the swine-houses, are the emus' paddocks. After the first excitement of Australian discovery cooled down, emus, kangaroos, black swans, and even the ornithorynchus, became part of the commonplace of natural history. Yet few people know that the reason why "emu trimmings" are almost the softest material in the world is that each of the hair-like feathers is really double, two shafts springing from one root. This can be verified at the Zoo by inducing the bird to let its feathers be separated by hand. Here, too, the first emus bred in England were hatched. Dr. Bennett, a Quaker gentleman, kept some tame emus in Kent, and the hen laid and begun to sit. Then on a Saturday afternoon she deserted, and, as it was contrary to Dr. Bennett's principles to travel on Sunday, he took the eggs to bed with him, and there "incubate" them all Sunday, taking them up from Beckenham to the Zoo on Monday morning. The summer litters of young wild boars, and the tame woodcock and bower birds in the Western Aviary, near the main entrance, are always worth a visit in spring and summer, and the herons' pond and gully behind the polar bear's cage, though overcrowded are full of nesting herons, gulls, and ibises in May and June. The public is much divided in mind on the subject of the monkeys. The writer, without feeling any strong dislike for the inhabitants of the large central cages, prefers

the rare and finely-furred species in the small cages along the inner wall of the house, the Diana monkeys, blue monkeys, and marmosets. If permission can be had to visit the inner chamber, in which the first gorilla used to be exhibited, numbers of rare and delicate South American monkeys and tropical lemurs are usually to be seen, which are not able to stand the wear and tear of public life in the main room. The oldest and in many respects the most interesting of the Zoo monkeys lives outside the house, in an open cage, exposed to all conditions of weather. This is the Tchell monkey from the mountains near Pekin. It has been in the gardens for fourteen years, and is as attached to its keepers as a bulldog to its master. Were it at liberty it would be quite as formidable as a dog, for it tries to attack any one who touches the keeper, and, as the bars prevent it from using its teeth, it throws any missile, with great precision, at the visitor's head. In any case a visit to the South Garden should be concluded by seeing the diving birds' exhibition of submarine flight and swimming, when fed in the fish-house at noon or 5 P.M.

The animals kept north of the main road are far less easy of access than those in the original garden in the inner circle of the park. The ground covers a long narrow space running parallel with the road, and is itself cut into two strips by the Regent's Park Canal. On these two narrow ridges are to be found some of the most interesting creatures in the collection; but each series of houses has to be visited without reference to any train of association of ideas connecting their inmates, and after the last in the row is reached it is necessary to return to the starting-point near the "tunnel," cross the bridge, and make a fresh lateral excursion on the other bank of the canal. If time is an object, it is no bad plan, after seeing the collection in the original garden, to pass through the tunnel, turn to the right, and, after seeing the kangaroos, the lesser cats, and the apes, to cross the bridge and visit the butterfly farm in

the insect-house, and then leave the Gardens by the north gate.

This will leave the parrot-house, elephant-house, giraffes, beavers, hippopotamus, zebras, and moose-yard as untried ground for another day. The kangaroos and wallabys are some of the most *domesticated* of the wild animals in the collection. They are as tame as cats, and as they breed without difficulty in England, the pretty and strange arrangement by which the young, even when fully developed, covered with fur, and shod with long sharp hoofs, are carried in the abdominal pouch can always be seen. It is pure laziness on the part of the older "Joeys," for they can hop about and feed themselves as well as their mothers can.

The ape-house and its vestibule, in which lives the giant ant-eater, is usually crowded and disagreeable, both in odor and temperature, in the afternoon. The new gorilla, which is the favorite of the hour, is usually thoroughly tired of holding "receptions" by that time; and an early morning visit is recommended. The keeper says that the young gorilla promises to be as intelligent as Sally, and its thoughtfulness, attention, and deliberation are certainly very unusual even in an anthropoid ape of such tender years. Two small coal-black apes belonging to Mr. Gambler Bolton should be noticed in this house. They are remarkably friendly and intelligent, and have little of the semi-human appearance which is so disconcerting a feature in the large species.

The small cat-house, next to the ape-house, would, if better constructed, be one of the most popular features in the Gardens. Many of the ocelots and tiger-cats are more decorative even than the leopards, though the snow-leopard is perhaps without a rival. Moreover, they are extremely interesting in view of the probable origin of our domestic cats. The result of modern inquiry shows that the domestic cats of different parts of the Old World are probably intermixed with the wild breeds, of which there are in India, for instance, several varieties, and that there is no

single ancestor of the domestic cat. In the collection at the Zoo, the visitor should look at the "chaus," the common wild cat of India and North Africa, and another smaller cat of very similar appearance, the *Felis maniculata*, from Suakim. These are probably the ancestors of the ancient Egyptian cats. The European wild-cat and the spotted Indian tiger-cats should be contrasted with these. For beauty of fur the "golden cat" of Sumatra, and the ocelots, in the same house, are unrivalled, and the "fossa," a cat-like creature from Madagascar, remarkable both for its form and rapid movement. Unfortunately, the house is rather dark—it was the old reptile-house—and the cages, square boxes with no top light and little space, do not show off the beauty of the inmates. At the Amsterdam Zoological Gardens these small cats are shown in a horse-shoe-shaped series of cages facing the light; each cat has a heap of fine Italian shavings, like those sold to ornament grates, to lie on, and the whole effect is excellent.

The ocelots and most of the genets in this house are delighted with the scent of lavender water. The cats are nearly all savage, and the visitor must forego his, or her, inclination to stroke them. A very large and beautiful Norwegian lynx has just been added to the collection of cats. It is kept in the south garden, in the racoons' cages.

The "transpontine" section of the Zoo contains a number of falcons and hawks in cages, the giant tortoises (not more remarkable, except for their size, than the little fellows sold in the streets), and the insect-house, which, though small, is infinitely charming in the spring and early summer, when the tropical moths and rare butterflies are hatching out. From the beginning of May till the middle of June there is a constant succession of broods of the Cecropian silk moths, moon moths, Tussur silk moths, and other large tropical moths with plumage like feathers and flowers mixed and blended. A few hours see the birth of from ten to thirty of these lovely creatures in a

single cage, and as they are by no means ephemeral, their beauties are open to view for several days. Swarms of swallow-tailed butterflies, hornet clearwings, stick insects, and smaller moths also appear during the month of June, and in July the larvæ of the *Allanthurus* and Prometheus silk moths, more brilliant in color than the perfect insect, are seen feeding in the cases. In winter the greater number of the glass cages are lifeless, as the cocoons or chrysalides are sleeping the winter sleep. These cocoons are themselves beautiful objects; but they can be seen in summer during the hatching season no less well than in winter.

The "Middle Garden," to the left of the tunnel looking north, has some special attractions at the present time. The best hour at which to visit this part of the Gardens is just after 6 P.M. on Saturday. The band in the South Garden has finished its programme with "God save the Queen," which, as the two elephants know well, is the signal to cease work and have supper. Both of the giant beasts walk to the off-saddling ground, where the Indian elephant kneels and collects the last offerings of buns while the saddle is removed. Then the pair walk off to their house in the Middle Garden. Their eyes positively twinkle at the thought of their bath, their supper, and no more work till Monday, and they almost break into a trot as the pleasant sight of their pond, their hay, and the cool stable breaks upon their view. Like the farm horses, the elephants drink a prodigious quantity of water before eating their supper, and make the latter last until well after dark.

C. J. CORNISH.

From Temple Bar.

SELBORNE AND GILBERT WHITE.

The Hampshire village of Selborne, five miles from Alton station, has but little altered since Gilbert White lived there. The railway has not carried thither the excursionist or converted

the quiet village into a fashionable resort for holiday-makers. Indeed, all the railway influences tend the other way. In taking a journey from Somerset to Selborne I changed trains five or six times, and there was then awaiting me an hour's drive from Alton. Yet, in spite of this, there are a few, allured by the pages of Gilbert White and catching enthusiasm from him, who visit Selborne, and in the summer many more drive over from adjacent towns. For those who come there is the best at the village hostel, the "White Hart" Inn, where that refreshment awaits the man who, alive to the pleasures of Nature, cannot ignore the practical needs of life. In this charming village, then, in the sweet spring-time, amidst the quivering notes of the nightingale and the beautiful liquid warble of the thrush, passing along meadows painted with primroses, cowslips, bluebells, anemones, and "lady-smocks all silver-white," those who wish may "plume their feathers and let grow their wings."

Selborne is backed by a steep ground covered with beech-trees, many of considerable age, which raise their handsome forms all up the steep ascent and form a commanding feature in the landscape for many miles round. This long stretch of beech-covered slope is called the Hanger; and certainly it does hang over the village, which nestles, separated from it by a few fields, beneath its shelter. Some of the fields lying between the Hanger and the village are planted with hops, which are largely grown round Selborne. Gilbert White's house faces the Hanger. Most of the old building remains, but it has been much added to. A beautiful and extensive lawn, or, as our ancestors would have termed it, "a fair pleasure," with many handsome shrubs, lies in front of the house, while at the end of the garden is the very sun-dial, reposing on a pillar, which the naturalist placed there. Between the lawn and the fruit and vegetable garden is a portion of a wall erected by White and bearing his initials—"G. W." This house, called the Wakes, was for many

years occupied by Professor Bell, who lies in Selborne churchyard.

The other side of White's house faces the Plestor, a piece of land originally given by Adam de Gurdon in the reign of Edward I., and from that day to this the playground of the village. Here, White tells us, once stood "a vast oak, with a short, squat body and huge, horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the area." A great tempest overthrew it, and, though the vicar "bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again, it died." There is, however, a successor, but one by no means remarkable either for size or shapeliness.

The houses round the Plestor form almost a quadrangle. It is through the Plestor that we pass into the church, whose "squat tower," as White terms it, is forty feet high only. White informs us that it was stuccoed in his time, and it may be that this stucco, which was slowly placed on the building by masons during a whole summer, is the very stucco we see there to-day. From this tower it was that White watched the movements of "those amusive birds, the swifts," and also the nightly sallies forth, in search of "mice and such small deer," of a pair of barn-owls.

The church itself is carefully described by Gilbert White in his "Antiquities of Selborne," and is, in general feature, much as when he cast around it his accurate and observing eye. The Gothic pillars, the font lined with lead, the four stone brackets which once supported images, and the lancet windows are as they were in his day. Even the "oaken balusters" round the space occupied by the Holy Table, and the wainscoting placed by the Rev. Andrew Etty are unchanged. "Nothing," White remarks, "can be more irregular than the pews of this church," and it is a pleasure to find that new ones have been set up, though one or two of the old ones remain to delight the antiquary. The stone coffins alluded to by White, which in his day were employed as pavement, have been taken up and

placed in a spot reserved for them in the south aisle.

All the alterations in this church have evidently been thoughtfully and reverently made, and probably none would be better pleased than White himself to see them. White's ancestors lie under the chancel, and relations of his outside the chancel. Under the chancel are buried his great-grandfather, his grandfather—vicar of Selborne—and his father. White refers to burials within the walls of churches as indecent, and doubtless for this reason was himself buried outside.

Over the Holy Table is a beautiful painting, representing "The Adoration of the Magi," said to be the work of Albert Dürer, and presented to the church by Benjamin White, an eminent London bookseller, brother of Gilbert and publisher of his "History of Selborne." This picture for some years remained in the vestry, but is now in its rightful position. It is a most striking presentment of that scene, so popular with painters, of wisdom pouring forth treasure at the shrine of innocence and purity. Just a little to the right of the north side of the chancel is White's grave, with a headstone and footstone, each with his initials. The stranger has some difficulty in finding the grave, as, save these stones, there is nothing to mark it from others. Here, then, surrounded by many whom he knew and loved, and who loved and venerated him, beneath the shadow of his parish church and within a stone's throw of his house, lies this great man, in nothing greater than in his humility. In the chancel is a mural monument to his memory. The graveyard, which White regarded as overcrowded in his time, has recently received a considerable addition of ground.

The ancient yew-tree, supposed by White to have been planted prior to the time of Edward I., was measured by White and found to be twenty-five feet in circumference but to this a century has added several feet. In this April of the year it has been shedding clouds of dust just as it did when the naturalist wrote about it; it looks hale and vigor-

ous, and will doubtless survive many generations yet unborn. A walk through the churchyard carries one along lines of beeches and by a rippling stream and through pleasant meadows to the Priory.

How this Priory was founded by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, how it became rich, how as time passed it grew corrupt and became the prey of vice, debt, and maladministration, how that great and noble prelate, William of Wykeham, strove, by constant visitations, by stern remonstrance, by munificence to avert impending ruin, is told at length by White. Bishop Waynflete, too, in vain tried advice and censure, and at last consented to the petition of Magdalen College, Oxford, that the revenues of the Priory should be taken away and its estates assigned to that seminary of learning which he had founded.

This happened many years before the Reformation, when "some who twofold balls and triple sceptres carried" overthrew that monastic system against which, but for its vices, they would have worked in vain. Selborne Priory fell, and not even in White's time could a vestige of it be seen, though its site can be clearly traced. It lay pleasantly seated close to a flowing trout-stream amidst sweet meadows and ample wood, and all that could charm the eye. Its destruction tells the sad tale of men false to a sacred trust; abusing and wasting the pious offerings of the people, and at length bringing on themselves a tardy but terrible punishment.

We can walk from the stone bridge opposite the Priory to Selborne by a road which, no doubt, was once the main line of communication between Selborne and the Priory itself, and, whichever way we take, nothing is more striking than the abundance of wild animal life. Partridges, with a rush and a whirr, frequently fly out of cover: the crow of the pheasant is heard; the magpie, with heavy flight, passes in the distance; the cuckoo tunes his merry note, and the weasel, the squirrel, and the hare are often seen.

White mentions stone-curlew as heard clamoring nightly from the early spring. Of late, however, they have not been heard; but seagulls, which I do not think he mentions, are sometimes observed flying high overhead.

The village of Selborne is remarkable for the comparative opulence of the inhabitants. There is no squalor—there are no decayed hovels in the village. The cottages are nicely built, generally thatched; they are neat and trim, and many of them possess pretty gardens.

The casual visitor to Selborne can scarcely fail to be struck by the almost exact correspondence between White's description of it and its present appearance. This is evident in the greatest as in the smallest particulars. White, for example, mentions an immense hog, the age and history of which he narrates with the utmost precision. In the yard of the "White Hart" Inn is an enclosure within which dwells a sow of colossal size, such as would with difficulty be matched elsewhere. This animal is of a friendly disposition and evinces the utmost curiosity when a carriage enters the inn-yard. The Hanger, with its steep ascent and its innumerable beech-trees, is crowded at eventide with the youth of the village, whose shouts re-echo far and near, just as they did in White's time.

The Plestor is still the resort of "talking age"—still the playground of the village. The hop-poles and the hop-kilns, the frequent tillings and dressings of the hop-ground, are as noticeable as they were a hundred years ago. The saunterer may hear the hour slowly and reproachfully measured by the church clock, or see it traced on the sun-dial in the garden of the Wakes.

The cuckoo, the swallow, the night-ingale, combine still to form, as it were, the Easter festival of Nature; the anemone, the spurge-laurel, the lung-wort, the cuckoo-flower, rise from their long slumber to a glorious resurrection of beauty and joy.

More than a hundred years have flown since White was laid to rest in the quiet village churchyard; four generations of word-speaking men have trod-

den the road to the Priory or toiled up the Hanger. And yet, we ask ourselves, not so much what remains of the past as what substantial change is here.

Our country has changed; old institutions have passed away; the railway and electric telegraph have transformed society. Yet in Selborne, whatever change there may be, is almost imperceptible.

We are told that White preached a favorite sermon of his no less than fifty times, and that his text bore on the duty of love to man.

Were he with us again he would be gratified to find that the passage of time had left unchanged the natural objects he so dearly loved; that the general aspect of his beloved village, as affected by the hand of man, was as he knew it; and that any changes in social and domestic life were such as are based on the duty of loving others and trying to improve the condition of mankind.

H. P. PALMER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE BEST SNAKE STORY IN THE WORLD.

The beauty of the best snake story in the world is that there was really no snake in it, which is more than can be said even of the Garden of Eden.

It had been very hot that summer on the ranche. Men work in the fields in California with the thermometer at 110°, while they fall down of heat apoplexy in the streets of New York and Chicago at 90°. That is the maxim they preach to the stranger in the West, and it has truth in it; but it is a mistake to suppose that even in California men work in the fields in comfort in such a temperature; and that summer the thermometer had gone very near 115°. So we were grateful enough to get away into the hills for a spell, with a wagon and a tent and the usual outfit of pots and pans, three of us, white men, with Louie, the Mexican (whom we called, in the vernacular, the

Greaser), to mind the horses and make himself generally useful. Our programme was to fish the rivers, shoot deer, and possibly a grizzly-bear, discover a gold mine, and go back to the ranche with a prospective fortune.

We had just pitched our tent. Down on the plain for weeks before we had been sleeping out on our verandahs, but the air of the hills had a nip in it by contrast. It was late in the afternoon, but there was still plenty of sunshine. I followed Louie round a shoulder of the hill, going to fetch water at a little stream tumbling from somewhere among the snowy peaks that capped the zone of firs on the great mountains above us. These mountains had, at some time or other, sent down a little avalanche of small rocks that lay heaped on our left as we walked. The scene was the most peaceful imaginable.

In an instant a succession of small incidents sent the peace to limbo. Louie dropped his pannikin with a tinkling clatter, crying "Sancta Maria!" in a voice of terror. At the same moment I heard the dread rattle of a snake, and saw its length gleam under Louie's feet and vanish among the rocks.

"Sancta Maria!" he tottered back into my arms, his dark face livid with fear.

"What is it, Louie? Did the snake strike you?"

"In the foot," he said, "yes."

"Let us get back to camp. Quick, lean on me."

"What's the good, boss?" he asked. "I'm a dead man." Nevertheless he came with me, leaning on my shoulder, and making a lame walk of it.

Down in the plain we had no rattlesnakes. For miles about the ranche there were no rocks for them, and though there were plenty of ground-squirrel holes, we never saw snakes about them. The thought of such things did not enter our heads, and Louie, weary of his boots, had kicked them off, with the long spurs, and come with me in his stocking-feet on this quest for water.

A word explained to the boys what had happened.

"Strychnine's the best," said Jock Peters, who was our authority on the question of snake-bites, which he had studied in Australia; "but we haven't got it; so we must do what we can with this. But it's a poor chance," he added in a whisper, as, to save time, he knocked the neck off a bottle of brandy. "Drink it, Louie," he said; "never mind cutting your lip; get it down,—that's the chief thing."

The Mexican's teeth chattered as we forced in the neck of the bottle; but he drank a great gulp without winking. The liquor, or pickle either, to scorch the throat of a Mexican has yet to be found.

Jim Kelly, the Irishman, was saddling the freshest of our horses, to ride at best speed into Lindsay, eleven miles away in the haze of the plains, for the doctor. In a minute he was pounding away among the hills. "Fix up a light as high as you can put it if it's dark before we get back," he shouted as he went.

We pulled the sock off the Mexican's foot. Already it was swelling fast, with a purplish tinge round a tiny blue spot, from which the smallest imaginable drop of blood had welled.

"Any good cauterizing it?" I suggested.

"Not a mag," Jock said shortly. "Go on with the brandy and keep him moving; that's his only chance."

The Mexican's face was dreadful to see; he called, in his terror, on every saint in the Church; but he declared he suffered no pain. Jock, improving the occasion, began relating in a low voice to me anecdotes of all the snake-bites he had known. "One boy I've seen that did recover," he said; "and that was from the bite of a brown snake, and a brown snake's as bad, they say, as a rattler,—an Australian brown snake, that is; a rattler can't be worse. But this boy was stupid all his life after; not as quick-witted as the average, which is not much to say. And at times, just at the time of year at which he'd been bitten, the wound got

red again and swelled, and he was stupider than ever. Louie had on a sock; the rattler'd have had to go through that; he might have spent a bit of his poison there; that gives Louie a sort of a chance. Does it hurt you now, Louie?"

"No, boss, no, not hurt."

The swelling was spreading; going up the ankle and right up the leg, and the man began to talk slowly and painfully.

"I remember," said Jock, "going along a ridge of a terrace on a steep river-bank. The river was full of sharks, and I met a brown snake coming along the ridge towards me. There wasn't room to turn, and I couldn't take to the river for the sharks, and I hadn't a gun. But my pal coming behind had a gun, and he poked the barrel in between my legs and blew the brute to bits."

"Is that true, Jock?" I asked.

"My heaven, d'you think I'd lie at such a time as this?" with a glance at Louie's face.

"Are you getting sleepy, man?" he said; then, as Louie did not answer, he took him under the arm, and signalling me to do the same on the other side, we kept him moving between us up and down and round the tent. From time to time we made him drink more brandy. He had taken half a bottle, but it seemed to have no effect on him.

"It stimulates the heart's action, you know," Jock explained, "just as the poison goes to stop it; but strychnine's the best; acts as a nerve-tonic. It's a deal to do with the nerves, this snake-bite business."

We heard the little ground-owls begin whistling to each other from the mouths of the squirrel-holes away down in the plain, and the bats and moths began to come out as the sun sank out of sight. They brushed our faces as we continued to march the Mexican to and fro. Presently I left the work to Jock, and rigged up a pine-torch for a signal-light on the pole which I took from the wagon. The job took some while, but at length I got the light fairly flaring.

"Look at his face," Jock whispered to me as I came back to him.

It was a shocking sight under the flickering rays, swollen, distorted, livid. The man's arm was swollen, too, as I felt when I took my place to support him. His movements were lethargic and heavy, so that I wondered that Jock, unaided, could have kept him moving so long.

"Give him more brandy," Jock directed, "more; that's it,—he's had nearly all the bottle. There's a chance," he went on presently; "I really believe there is. I thought he'd have been dead before now. Maybe he don't mean dying after all. A white man'd have been dead half an hour ago."

"I wish the doctor'd come."

"Mighty little good wishing."

The weary tramp went on. Twice I had to replenish the beacon-torch, and once more we gave the Mexican a gulp of the brandy, which finished the bottle. As I was fixing the torch for the third time I heard a shout down the cañon. I answered with all my might, and in a few minutes Jim Kelly and the doctor rode into the circle of the flaring light.

"Alive?" the doctor asked.

"Alive, yes," said Jock; "alive and that's about all. He can't speak."

"What have you given him,—brandy? —that's right. How much?"

"A bottleful."

"Right, and you've kept him awake? That's it. He won't die now. Wonderful fellows, these Greasers. He'd have died before this, if he meant dying. Let's see the wound."

The candle burned as quietly in the still air as in a room. The Mexican's foot was swollen, so that it scarcely looked like a human member; but in the midst of the purple swelling was a white circle with the little blue mark, plainly evident, for its centre. The Mexican seemed to feel no pain, even when the doctor handled the wound and pressed it upward with his fingers.

"Hold the candle close," he said. "It's blamed strange," he added, "blamed

strange," pecking at the little blue mark with his forceps; "the fang's in the wound yet. I never heard of that happening before. Shake him a bit; don't let him go drowsy."

His swollen limbs wobbled like jelly under the treatment. It was horrid.

The doctor gave a little dig, and then a little tug with his forceps. Presently he held up to the candle, in the clutch of the forceps, a long white spine, and regarded it curiously. Then he said in a hollow voice: "Do you know what it is? It's not a fang at all; it's a cactus-spoke."

"What!"

A strangely perplexed little group of men gazed into each other's faces with questioning eyes, under the stars that twinkled out over the snow-topped edges of the Sierras.

"Only a thorn!"

"Look at it," the doctor said. "You can see the thing for yourselves."

One after the other we examined the spine, feeling its point with a finger that we certainly should not have ventured near it had it been a poison-fang. "And there's nothing else in the wound?" Jock asked.

"Not a thing else."

"And you mean to tell me that I've wasted two hours of my time, to say nothing of a bottle of our best brandy, in walking about a Greaser that has nothing the matter but a thorn in his foot? Well, *I am* darned."

"That's about what you've been doing," the doctor said quietly.

"Well, I am darned." Jock turned with a look of righteous wrath to the wretched Mexican, who was lying in a comatose heap in my arms; but the first sight of his face checked the words unspoken.

"Shake him up; keep him waking," the doctor cried.

"But you don't mean to tell me," Jock began again, when we had succeeded in arousing some sign of life in Louie, "that all that," pointing at his distended features, "is the cactus-thorn?"

"There's not a mite else in the wound."

"Well, I am darned."

"All the same," the doctor added quietly, "he'd have died if you hadn't kept him going."

"Died! What of?"

"Snake-bite,—shake him up there; don't let him go drowsy."

"Snake-bite! Heavens and earth, I thought you said there was nothing in his foot beyond the thorn."

Then the doctor went up to Jock and laid a hand on each of his shoulders, and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You mark me, Jock Peters, we're in face of a bigger thing to-night than snake-bite. We're in face of one of the biggest and ultimate facts of human nature, and one of its biggest mysteries,—the influence of the mind upon the body. I've heard of something like this before, although I've never seen it, nor ever thought I should; and that in connection with a coolie and a cobra in India. In that case, too, there was no snake-bite, although there was a snake. The coolie saw the snake; it darted from beneath his feet, and at the moment (likely from the start he gave) a thorn pierced his foot,—just as it happened to the Greaser. And that man, too, the same as this man here, swelled up, showed all the symptoms of snake-poisoning, and died. This man we'll save. You, Jock, have practically saved him, by keeping him moving, and counteracting the poison by the brandy. Look at the man; isn't he snake-poisoned?"

"By all that's blue he looks it," Jock admitted.

"And all the hurt he's got,—the physical hurt,—is just the pin prick of that thorn. The rest's all mental,—all the swelling, the surcharging of the vessels, mental. Now, tell me, how do you think that man would be, but for his morbid mental state, with all that brandy that you've given him?"

"Dead, I suppose."

"You're right,—dead; as dead as you or I would be, if we set to drink the same just now. But he,—he's hardly drunk; he's sober. And he's better now,—heart acting better." He bent and listened to its beating as he spoke.

"You've seen a strange thing to-night, gentlemen," he added, rising again, and addressing us collectively; "such a thing as neither you nor I are likely ever to see again. And I'll tell you another thing about it, gentlemen; it's a thing that you won't find you get a deal of credence for when you come to tell it to the boys. There's a fashion in this world for men to believe they know the way things happen; and the thing that happens in a way they don't know they put aside as a thing that didn't happen. So of this," the doctor added simply, "I should only speak, as among gentlemen, with a hand on the pistol-pocket at the hip."

After a while the awful distortion of Louie's face began to go down: "You can almost see it settling, like a batter pudding," as Jim Kelly said; and the fearful purple tinge died out of it. His heart was beating naturally again, and the doctor said we might let him go to sleep.

In the morning he was difficult to rouse, as he might be after so heavy a night, but the doctor said he would do right enough if we gave him rest for a day or two. And so he did, though his nerve was so shaken that we had to send him back to the plain again, where there are no rattlesnakes. It appeared later that Louie had cherished a morbid dread of snakes for a long while, ever since he had had a hand in the killing of one six feet long down in the Republic of Mexico; though after a couple of years on the ranche he had almost forgotten that there were such things. A man that is nervous about snakes should never go barefoot in the hills.

"It only shows what I told you," Jock Peters commented. "Strychnine is the thing for snake-bite, because it is a nerve-tonic. If a man could make believe he had not been bitten he need never die of snake-bite. If ever I'm bitten I shall make believe it was a cactus-spine."

This is a true story, although it's such a good one. If any one doubts it, he can see the thorn.

I From The Argosy.

A GLIMPSE OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

More than half a century ago, a party of happy young people were travelling by train in England. At one end of their carriage two elderly ladies were seated. One of these, small in person and with plain features, would probably have attracted little or no attention anywhere, so long as she remained silent. As soon, however, as she began to talk, the charm of her conversation and the intelligence and good humor of her countenance made every one forget that she was not blest with outward beauty. Strangers at the beginning of the journey, the travellers in time began to exchange remarks with each other, and books soon became the subject on which young and old evidently preferred to talk. At last Miss Edgeworth's works were mentioned: they were great favorites with the young people, and they spoke warmly of the delight that "Simple Susan" and "Lazy Lawrence" had been to them in their childish days. Suddenly two of the party looked at each other and smiled, and one of them, turning to the little old lady in the corner, said:—

"We always feel guilty when we hear Miss Edgeworth spoken of, for when we were children we did such a *dreadful* thing; we cannot imagine now how we could have been so bold. We were very fond of drawing pictures of our pet characters, and of course were always trying to illustrate "The Parent's Assistant," and only think! We actually made up a packet of what we considered our best pictures, with our Christian names written under them, and posted it to Miss Edgeworth! What must she have thought of such children?"

Can we not fancy how the little lady's kindly face lighted up with pleasure, as she replied: "And I can tell *you* that those drawings are still carefully treasured, for I am Maria Edgeworth!"

The scene changes. It is the year 1844, the seventy-seventh of Miss Edge-

worth's life, and the last in which she visited London. It was in the early days of March, that with her half-sister, Mrs. Lestock Wilson, her beloved "Fanny," she made a call at a house at the entrance of Kilburn, at that time still a rural looking village with green fields, country lanes, and a little old hunting lodge which had belonged to Charles the Second still standing just off the highroad. The semi-detached villa which they entered had at its back a long garden, which during the three seasons of the year, used to be a blaze of color.

The smoke of London did not then cover every geranium and verbena leaf with black; the great city was still far enough away to cause those who went there to speak of "going to town." At the beginning of March, the spring flowers in the gardens were few and far between; but the little drawing-room was never without something pretty to look at and sweet to smell. In one window, on a table, stood a pot of tree-mignonette, which instantly attracted the attention of Miss Edgeworth. She went up to it, and putting her arms round it, exclaimed in her warm-hearted Irish way, "Oh, you darling!"

It was during this visit that the anecdote already related was told. It need hardly be added here that her hostess, who was an enthusiastic admirer of her writings and also as great a lover of flowers, insisted on the mignonette accompanying her visitors home. Before leaving the house, however, Miss Edgeworth said she would send to Edgeworthstown for a plant which she trusted would take root in the suburban garden. Some weeks later the following letter was received from her:—

"1 North Audley Street,
" March 30th, 1844.

"Dear Mrs. H.—My brother, Pakenham Edgeworth, undertakes to carry

this little packet to you, as I cannot make time for the pleasure myself. The packet contains a *Celestial rose*, what its botanical name may be I cannot say, but I suspect that called by any other name would look as fair or as red and smell as sweet. This is from my own garden at Edgeworthstown, from which I flatter myself you will like to have a vegetable love. My sister joins in kind remembrances to you. Your pot of mignonette—I mean the pot without the mignonette—is here at your orders, but I cannot send it by this opportunity, as my brother rides, and rides a mettlesome horse.

"Yours sincerely,

" MARIA EDGEWORTH.

"The rose was packed by Mrs. E. after the good example of a professed florist gardener, so I hope it is all right, and may the Celestial rose live to please you, and long life to it and you!

"We go into the country on Monday and stay till Thursday, and then go again to Sir John Herschel's on Saturday, and then return only to pack up and be off for ever, probably.

"M. E."

This letter is written in fine and delicate, but clear handwriting on a half-sheet of notepaper folded. The postscript has a touching interest, for the prophecy concerning herself was too true. At the end of April she left London, never to return to it.

The "*Celestial rose*" was carefully tended, and it climbed and twined and flourished in luxuriance, taking kindly to its English soil. The present owner of the letter feels strongly inclined, when at rare intervals she passes by the old house, to ring the bell and ask for permission to walk round the garden, even, perhaps, to beg for a slip from the Irish rose should the hand of time and of the stranger have dealt gently with this fragrant memorial of Maria Edgeworth.

